NOW AND THEN

The Appalachian Magazine

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"Scots ... indeed are dispersed over the face of the whole earth."

— George Chapman (1559-1634) from *Eastward Ho*

Illustration by Lee Budahl

Left:
A typical settlement in 17th and 18th century Ulster was the *clachan*, a small, largely self-sufficient community of related families.

Below:
Willie Shaffer hauling corn shucks to use for fodder near Mendota in Southwest Virginia, 1971.

Photo by Kenneth Murray, courtesy of the Archives of Appalachia, ETSU

Summer 1992
Volume 9, Number 2

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My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here ...
—**Robert Burns** (1759-1796)

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Editor Pat Arnow
Poetry Editor Jo Carson
Music Editor Ed Snodderly
Associate Editor Jane H. Woodside
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ISSN No. 0896-2693 TBR No. 260-068-91 2M

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Now and Then has been published three times a year since 1984 by the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services (CASS) at East Tennessee State University. CASS is one of the State of Tennessee's Centers of Excellence supporting artistic, scholarly and public service projects in the region. When you become a Friend of CASS ($10 per year, $12 for institutions and libraries), you receive a subscription to *Now and Then*.

Submissions of poetry, fiction, articles, personal essays, graphics and photographs concerned with Appalachian life past and present are welcomed if accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

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Broadening Horizons

One of the original goals in the proposal that established the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services at East Tennessee State University in 1984 was to enhance the national and international reputation of this university. ETSU had already developed a reputation as an active center for the study of regional literature and folklore dating back to the early 1960s. Professor Thomas G. Burton's pioneering field recordings and documentary films of noted Appalachian storyteller Ray Hicks of Beech Mountain, N. C., prompted Barbara McDermitt, a doctoral student in the School of Scottish Studies at the University of Edinburgh, to visit ETSU's Archives of Appalachia to pursue her comparative study of the storytelling traditions of Scotland and Appalachia as a visiting research fellow of CASS. This initial visit planted the seed of a formal exchange agreement between ETSU and the University of Edinburgh focusing upon the cultural and historical connections between Scotland and Appalachia.

One of my proudest accomplishments as director of CASS has been to provide institutional and fiscal support to further this cooperative relationship with the School of Scottish Studies. Speaking as a folklorist and student of cultural revival movements, I have found my intellectual horizons broadened through exploring the Scottish-Appalachian connection on both sides of the Atlantic over the past four summers.

I would like to offer special thanks to Clanna N'Alba and the St. Andrews Society of East Tennessee, especially Margaret and Milton Klein, Larry and Catherine Long, Scott and Jane MacMorran, Ronald and Libby McGowan and William and Elizabeth Bailey for generous and enthusiastic support of the program.

I hope that the scholarly cross-fertilization that has already occurred between the School of Scottish Studies and the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services will bear even richer fruit in the years to come.

In the meantime, I hope you enjoy this special issue of *Now and Then* and that you will help to support the Scottish-Appalachian exchange and other projects of CASS during the coming months and years by becoming a Friend of the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services.

— Richard Blaustein, Director

Creating Emblems of Pride

What does it mean to be a member of a distinct minority within a more powerful nation-state? How do such people maintain a positive sense of personal and collective identity, especially when mainstream society imposes demeaning stereotypes upon them? How do they perpetuate meaningful attachments to their homelands as members of immigrant communities?

Efforts to redefine or reconstruct a satisfactory cultural identity typically produce revitalization movements. Previously stigmatizing cultural features are transformed from sources of shame to emblems of pride; countermythologies project a Golden Age in which the subordinate group was happy and free, thus making it possible to recover a vestige of that lost primordial autonomy, even if only periodically or symbolically.

The Disarming Act of 1746 followed the collapse of the Jacobite cause at Culloden, which was the last attempt to restore Scottish sovereignty. The Act included specific prohibitions against displays of Scottish national symbols, including kilts, plaids, trews and the great three-drone Highland bagpipes the Irish called the warpipes. This law stayed in effect until 1782.

Scottish colonists had been settling in the American colonies since 1622. Increased Scottish settlement in the 18th century saw the establishment of St. Andrew's Societies, which not only served charitable purposes but also provided Scottish immigrants with opportunities for renewing cultural and social links with their countryfolk. There is evidence to suggest that Scots in America were already engaged in the romantic reconstruction of their cultural heritage before the American Revolution or the repeal of the Disarming Act.

The continued expansion of British industrialism and imperialism during the 18th and 19th centuries led to the establishment of more Scottish immigrant organizations and revivalistic institutions. Robert Burns' birthday was celebrated in New York as early as 1820. By the mid-1800s Highland games were organized, including most of the sports and performing arts competitions which are still part of contemporary Highland games. The same period also saw the formation of modern clan societies which reorganized the traditional Scottish system of hereditary chiefs and retainers within a novel institutional structure, the voluntary non-profit organization. The modern system of clan tartans was also elaborated during the course of the 19th century, an extension of Scotland's regimental culture. Thus by the turn of this century, most of the features we now associate with modern Scottish cultural revivalism were already in existence.

As the noted Scottish folklorist and poet Hamish Henderson observes, Scotland has always been a complex and conflict-ridden nation. A close examination of the history of Scotland and Appalachia shows that both societies always have been more complex and diverse than most people, even some scholars, tend to think.

— Richard Blaustein

Exploring Appalachian Origins

Most of us are curious about our origins. Yet many of us in America know little about our family backgrounds past two or three generations. Those whose families have been in this country for more than a century may not even know when their ancestors emigrated or how their families ended up in a particular place.

For some of the answers we can turn to history, tracing movements of populations over the years. For many people of Appalachia the answers come from Scotland. Political, economic and religious upheavals in the British Isles centuries ago inspired — or forced — movement of its citizens. Conditions in the New World and the skills of the Scots and Scotch-Irish settlers determined where they would go. They came to what was then the frontier, the mountains, and lived among the other European settlers, African slaves and the Cherokee. They adapted to their surroundings and each other and emerged with a new identity: Southerners, mountaineers, Americans.

In this issue we explore some of these forces. Those of Scots and Scotch-Irish origin will learn more about how they came to be a part of Appalachia. Those who haven't got any Scots background will see something of how this region in which we all live developed as it did.

We have explored such origins and influences on the region in the past with the "Cherokee" issue in fall 1986, "Black Appalachians" in winter 1986, and "Insiders/Outsiders," an edition covering many ethnic groups in Appalachia, in summer 1988. But never before have we looked into what is probably the most influential group who settled Appalachia.

Many thanks to Thomas G. Burton, who provided the inspiration for this issue and much assistance in obtaining articles and photos and for helping us review materials.

I would also like to give a special thanks to Kim Boyd, who is our art director and a graduate student in art history at ETSU. She is moving to North Carolina. We will miss her.

—Pat Arnow, Editor

Documenting the Appalachian-Scottish Connection

The Appalachian-Scottish connection has long attracted the interest of people concerned with investigating the culture and history of Appalachia. This is especially true for those who focus on the Southern Appalachian region. The Appalachian-Scottish connection is many-faceted, encompassing, for example, the migration of Scots and Scots-Irish to Southern Appalachia; the migration of Scottish ballads and tales to Appalachia; and the maintaining of Scottish dance and recreation traditions at the Highland Games held annually at Grandfather Mountain in North Carolina.

The Appalachian-Scottish Studies Program, sponsored jointly by East Tennessee State University and the School of Scottish Studies, University of Edinburgh provides a forum for investigating the many aspects of the Appalachian-Scottish relationship. The activities of the program and related events are documented in the Appalachian-Scottish Studies Collection held by the archives. The collection includes audio and videotapes and written transcripts of lectures, as well as audio and videotapes of performances which were part of the program. Also included in the collection is audio and video documentation of the proceedings of the 1990 Ulster-American Heritage Symposium held at ETSU. Tapes of such related events as the Highland Games, folk song concerts and storytelling sessions also are part of this collection.

Lectures given by noted scholars cover a wide variety of topics. Among the speakers and topics are Margaret Bennett, School of Scottish Studies, on folklore; Margaret Mackay, also of the School of Scottish Studies, on migration to and settlement of early peoples in Scotland; Curtis Wood, Western Carolina University, on Ulster-Scots migration; Susan Spalding, Temple University, on traditional Scottish dance; and Stanley Robertson, Aberdeen, Scotland, on the traveling people of Scotland.

The collection contains a variety of performances recorded on audio and video tape. Ray Hicks of Banner Elk, N.C., and Duncan Williamson of Scotland tell stories and tales, including Jack tales. Margaret Bennett performs folk songs, while Frank Profitt, Jr., and Orville Hicks of Beech Mountain, N.C., sing and play banjo and dulcimer.

The documentation of the Appalachian-Scottish experience contained in this collection is far-ranging and covers a wide variety of topics only touched on in this article. Archives staff encourages anyone with an interest in Appalachian-Scottish studies to research the materials in this collection. For further information contact the archives at 615/929-4338.

—Marie Tedesco, Archivist
Norma Myers, Head, Archives & Special Collections

My people, my ancestors — yes, I'll call them ancestors because there's no reason in the world why only big people should have ancestors and people like me have none and be robbed of our past — lived in Scotland, right up in the northernmost part of the West. They were farmers. Crofters, they called them, and a lot of them were shepherds, as well. ... But for some consarned legal reason, that nobody ever wholly understood, the local big man took the land and what do you suppose he did that for? To turn it into moors where he could pasture his sheep, that's why. ... So the local big man heeded the call given to him by an even bigger man — Lord Selkirk, he was, and very kindly assisted the people off the farms to go to the New World, as they called it then, to make their fortunes. ... And off they went, crowded into a sailing-ship.

— Robertson Davies
from *Murther & Walking Spirits,* Viking, 1991

A Cultural Quest

While I was studying English and Scottish popular ballads at Vanderbilt, Herschel Gower was at the School of Scottish Studies in Edinburgh, Scotland, later returning to teach the ballads. I remember thinking how fortunate Gower was. As I listened to a tape of his of the great ballad singer, Jeannie Robertson, I only dreamed that I might have a similar opportunity to study at the source of Scottish traditional heritage.

But that opportunity did come when Barbara McDermitt, a doctoral student at the School, came to the East Tennessee State University Archives to use our recordings in her research. It was her invitation to the School of Scottish Studies that led me to Edinburgh and that culminated in an Appalachian-Scottish Studies Program at ETSU. Through the efforts of Vice President Robert Alphonso, Professor John MacQueen, Donald Archie MacDonald, Maggie Mackay and Margaret Bennett, we established a summer program and later an exchange agreeement with the University of Edinburgh.

The Appalachian-Scottish Studies Program is a cultural quest, a search for a deeper knowledge and clearer understanding of the relationships between America, particularly Southern Appalachia, and Scotland. The study of Appalachian and Scottish cultures is certainly an admirable pursuit in and of itself, but because large numbers of Scots immigrated to the Southern Appalachians, it seems incumbent to study the effects these cultures have had on each other, especially Scottish on American. This quest involves principally the humanities: social and cultural history, geography, religion, creative arts, language, folklore and education.

The centerpiece of the Appalachian-Scottish Studies is a cooperative summer program with the School of Scottish Studies. Activities include lectures, performances, and field trips relating to the two cultures. Topics are varied, including subjects such as traditional stories among Southern highlanders and Scottish travelers; Appalachian and Ulster-Scots speech; Scottish immigration; and Presbyterianism; as well as comparative analyses of architecture, customs and beliefs, balladry and instrumental music.

The summer program was initiated in 1988 with a five-week course at East Tennessee State University. In 1989 the program moved to Scotland for a three-week course after students had attended one week of lectures at ETSU. It has continued to alternate between the two campuses — ETSU in even years and the University of Edinburgh in odd years.

Beyond the summer course, the Studies Program has sponsored lectures, performances, research, and exchange of scholars and archival materials. All of these activities have been personally rewarding for me. Still, the most gratifying part has been the realization of those early dreams — hearing wonderful songs and stories of Scotland in the oral tradition, participating in research with premier scholars and making close friends among a noble people.

— Thomas G. Burton

Tom Burton is the author of ***Some Ballad Folks,*** *a collection of the explications and songs of five women of Beech Mountain, N.C. He is professor of English at ETSU.*

For more information about the Scottish-Appalachian Studies Program, fill out the coupon in the magazine or contact the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services.

Words that make the Connections

Celt Pronounced either Selt or Kelt, applied to the ancient peoples distributed from the British Isles and Spain to Asia Minor. Descendants of these people have somewhere in their histories a native knowledge of a Celtic language. In modern times, applies to the Bretons in France, the Cornish, Welsh, Irish and Gaels of the British Isles.

Clan A local group or extended family, especially in the Highlands of Scotland, bearing a common name and united under a chief.

Gaelic Generally pronounced gal-lick in Scotland, the Celtic language of the Highlands which evolved from Irish Gaelic (pronounced gay-lick).

Highlands of Scotland The mountainous northwestern part of Scotland with mostly a Gaelic heritage.

Lowlands of Scotland The southern and eastern part of Scotland.

Scotch The prevailing form in England and the U.S. of referring to a person from Scotland.

Scotch-Irish, Scots-Irish, Ulster Scots People of Scottish descent who, having lived for a time in the north of Ireland, emigrated in considerable numbers in the 18th and 19th centuries. Scotch-Irish is an Americanism, rarely used in Great Britain.

Scots How the people of Scotland generally describe themselves. The language of the Lowlands of Scotland, an Anglo-Saxon derived tongue related to English.

Scotland Name derived from the Scotti from Northern Ireland who settled in Argyle during AD 300-500.

Ulster The most northerly of the four provinces of Ireland. Northern Ireland, still part of Great Britain.

from: *The Concise Scots Dictionary* edited by Mairi Robinson (Aberdeen University Press, 1985), *The Scotch-Irish: A Social History* by James G. Leyburn (University of North Carolina Press, 1962), *Webster's Third New International Dictionary* and the *Oxford English Dictionary.*

Gathering the Clans on Grandfather Mountain

The first Highland games in America were held in the 1850s, and they have proliferated in recent years with more than 140 now held in the U.S. every year. Most who attend have at least a tenuous connection to Scottish lineage (not hard to do, since some one out of four Americans can claim some Scottish heritage). But both athletes and spectators range across the ethnic spectrum, with Japanese tourists being the latest of the fascinated outsiders. The best-attended games in the U.S. are held one weekend in July on Grandfather Mountain in North Carolina. It is a spectacular event, in contrast to Highland games held in Scotland which are mostly local affairs with little pageantry (except for the ones at Braemer that the royal family attends).

Hugh Morton, who owns

Photo by Hugh Morton

The sheaf toss at the Grandfather Mountain Highland Games.

Hugh Morton, who owns Grandfather Mountain in North Carolina, admits that he wasn't originally particularly interested in his Scottish heritage. His mother, Agnes MacRae Morton, knew all the family genealogy; she started the Grandfather Mountain Highland Games in 1956 with Donald MacDonald. She asked her son to handle the publicity. "In the beginning, I did it because my mother told me to," he says.

Grandfather Mountain, named for the distinctive rocky outcrop resembling an old man's profile, is a private park with a nature museum, swinging bridge and 30 miles of hiking trails. Morton, a relaxed white-haired man wearing a V-necked sweater with the logo of the Grandfather Golf and Country Club, runs Grandfather Mountain as a profit-making tourist attraction. The Highland Games are an exception. After his mother died in 1982, he continued to donate use of the mountain's MacRae Meadow (named for his mother) and to oversee publicity for the July weekend's activities.

The games and the mountain create a charmed combination. Morton says, "Our games are generally recognized as being the most exciting ones, or the most authentic ones, at least as far as the setting goes." Those who know both countries agree that the craggy Western North Carolina mountain conjures up the Highland Scottish landscape. That is one reason that every year some 25,000 people a day flock to the rather remote 6,000 foot peak for the games, dancing, music and parades.

Even the thoroughly Scottish Duke of Argyll, who was once a guest of honor as the head of Clan Campbell, was impressed, says Morton. "He said we have the best Highland Games in the world because we have more kilts than in Scotland, and we pick up the trash."

He relates this anecdote with some relish. But on some of the particulars of the games' history, genealogy and connections with Scotland he says he is not really that knowledgable, and he refers us to one of the Highland Games' most ardent supporters, Johnson City businessman Charles Gordon.

Morton does say that being part of the games for years has had an influence on his attitude: "I got reminded over and over again how the Scottish people had traits and heritage I should be proud to be a part of, and I am."

Charles O. Gordon's interest in his Scottish ancestry is distinctly different from that of Morton. It is pervasive, for example, in his suite of offices in Johnson City. The name of his holding company, Bydand, is Scottish, coming from the Gordon coat of arms. "It's Gaelic, meaning 'Stand Fast,'" explains Gordon. A thin strip of tartan (dress Gordon) decorates the company stationery.

Piles of pamphlets on Scottish castles and Highland games cover the table in the library. Gordon has compiled the family

Photo courtesy of Charles Gordan

Above: Charles and Evelyn Gordon in Gordon dress tartan.

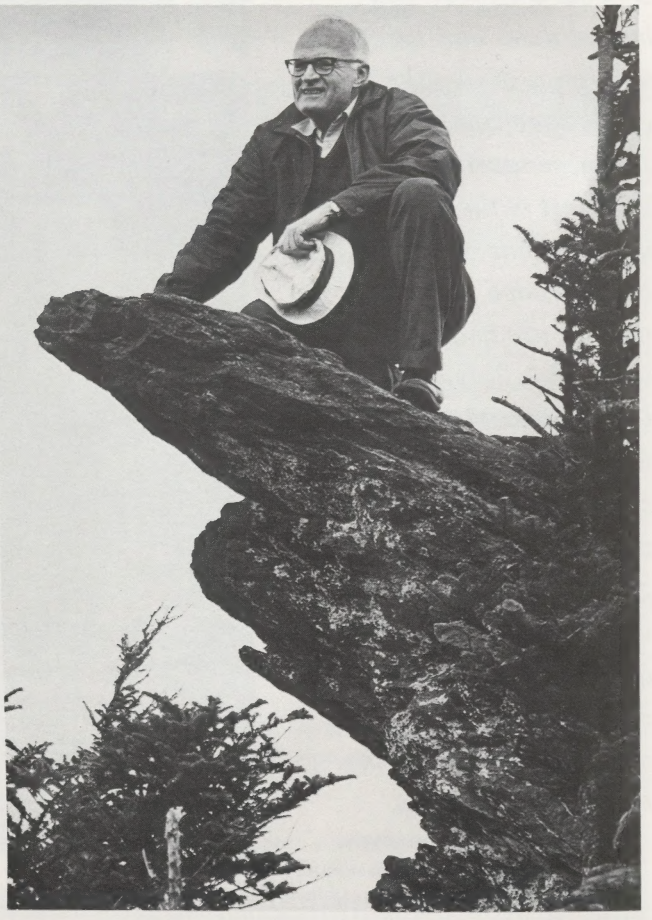

Photo courtesy of Hugh Morton

Right: Hugh Morton on Calloway Peak, the highest point on Grandfather Mountain.

history, the most complete record in the U.S, in four large bound volumes. He keeps a loose-leaf version so that he can easily make copies of any page. "I have all the history in Scotland from when they came over from Normandy in France in 1066," he says.

From the publications on the table, he hands over a booklet on Haddo House, a baronial estate in Scotland. The present Earl of Haddo is descended from John de Gordon of Strathbogie, who died in 1395. The impressive-looking Haddo House is where Gordon and his family stay on their visits to Scotland.

Also on the library table is a book with samples of the Gordon dress tartan, battle tartan and a reproduction of the ancient tartan that was preserved in a peat bog after the Battle of Culloden and faithfully reconstructed by an expert in Scotland. This isn't a completely single-minded office — the bottles of soft drinks Gordon's Tri-City Beverage company developed are there (including Mountain Dew, which was bought by Pepsi) as are portraits of executives of the manufacturing firm he founded, Gordon's Furniture.

Charles Gordon's interest in his Scottish heritage was sparked when he was in the military. "I didn't think a great deal about it until World War II when I was stationed in Britain. On leave I went to Inverness, Scotland. Everywhere I went, I got a friendly welcome when they heard my name. The Gordon Highlander regiment was stationed up there and made me an honorary member."

After the war, Gordon had little time to investigate his family's past. He was busy pursuing business interests in East Tennessee.

It is generally during their middle age that people become involved in genealogy, says Gordon. And so he did, at least to find out more about his father's history. His mother, Mary Pearl Cable, comes from German stock. "For many years my grandmother said she was Dutch, but it turns out she was from Germany." The German heritage was not of special interest to Gordon, however.

It was the Scottish side of his family that he wanted to explore. In 1976 he and his wife Evelyn, who also has Scottish roots (her maiden name is Anderson), visited Scotland and began collecting information.

They found that a Gordon ancestor came to these shores in 1660. Gordon is still tracking down that part of the story and plans to travel to Annapolis this year to investigate. "I'm trying to figure out whether he was a thief and got kicked out or whether he bought his passage and came over," he says.

It was Gordon's interest in family history that attracted him to the first Highland Games on Grandfather Mountain in 1956. He and his family brought a picnic and spent the day. "It was a very small affair at that time, but it was interesting to hear the

Photo by Hugh Morton

Left: Caber toss.

bagpipes playing, to observe the dancing and to see the men in their tartan kilts. It grew on us."

As the games expanded, Gordon helped to establish the House of Gordon in the United States and to get the clans involved in the Grandfather Mountain games. Today the Clan Council sponsors and organizes the games. He also assisted in the planning of the formal and exclusive Tartan Ball. He became Chairman, Chief Executive Officer and Treasurer for the games in 1985. Now in his 70s, health problems prevent him from holding formal posts, but he still helps with the planning. Gordon hasn't done this much work simply to impress tourists. He wants to bring in people who might have Scottish background. "We welcome the public, but we draw people (of Scottish descent) from all over the U.S. and Canada," he says.

And in fact Scottish affiliates do come. Each year more than 100 U.S. Scottish clans and societies, from Clan Anderson to the Turnbull Clan Association, reserve one of the colorful striped tents at the edge of the playing field. There, visitors may see if they can "find their kinsmen in their respective tents and join their national clan society," Hugh Morton explains. Although some clans are more rigorous than others, eligibility for membership in clan societies typically entails the submission of one's documented pedigree and lineage to a membership committee. Members of septs — associated families with hereditary feudal ties to the chiefly family — may also be accepted.

One or more of the clan chiefs comes over from Scotland for the games. Some are nobility. The clans compete fiercely to see whose chief will be the guest of honor at the games.

But the competitions that most people come to see are the sporting events. The tug-of-war is the only team contest. The rest are individual challenges: the broad jump, the pole vault, wrestling, running — and some more picturesque contests. In the sheaf toss, a man tries to fling a 16-pound bag of straw as high as he can with a pitchfork. In throwing events, men hurl 16-pound stones (shotputs, called *clachnearts*), hammers of 22, 28 and 56 pounds and a wooden pole of 84 pounds (the caber). All sports events exclude females, except for the races.

At Grandfather they must compete in kilts. If a competitor does not have one, organizers loan him one. The requirement of the kilt for all sporting events (besides adult races) is "that it makes better pictures," says Morton, who has from the beginning been documenting the games with his excellent photos.

Other contests around the MacRae Meadow on Grandfather Mountain include Highland dancing, piping, drumming, fiddling

Photo by Hugh Morton

Right: A foot race for boys.
Below: Tug-of-war, the only team competition.

Photo by Hugh Morton

and Scottish harp known in Gaelic as the *clarsach*.

The games are about more than competition. Journalist James J. Kilpatrick, who was a guest of honor in 1978, writes in *Nation's Business*, "On the face of it, it is foolish for grown men, on a broiling day in July, to get into woolen kilts and high woolen stockings. It was a sweaty exercise for the dancers to put on Scottish costumes and to exhaust themselves in flings and reels." But he saw significance: "For the Scots, to identify with one's clan is to identify with one's past. This is a process of membership, of community, of belonging. ... But there is something more in this phenomenon than a hunger for order and permanence. There is also a hunger for ritual, for tradition and ceremony. ... We love the fraternal rite, the mystic incantation. ... This sense of ritual lies behind the appeal of the Scottish games."

On Grandfather Mountain, the rituals are impressive indeed. On Thursday evening, a torchlight ceremony "invokes the spirit of the Clans," as the program says. Charles Gordon describes it: "Emerging out of four corners, clansmen representing each clan form a Saint Andrew's cross as they converge." Each clan representative then throws his torch into a blazing pit. "The president and chaplain talk and pray, and a piper closes the services." On Sunday at the outdoor worship service is the "Kirkin' o' the Tartans," a blessing of each clan's distinctive pattern, all of which are variations of the cross.

These ceremonies and the Parade of Tartans look like ancient traditions, yet Scottish-Americans introduced them in recent years. They do bring out the sentiment they are intended to invoke. James Kilpatrick describes it: "...the male members marched in a parade of tartans around the quarter-mile track — old men and boys, young fathers carrying their kilted infant sons on their shoulders — and my wife, who has not an ounce of Scottish blood in her French-Italian veins, sat in the reviewing stand and wept."

The Parade of Tartans is a Grandfather Mountain creation, says Gordon. He is proud of it for what it represents. "Back years ago, Scotland was a barren country, and outside of living off the fisheries and the raising of sheep and wool and grain, it didn't have a lot to offer young people. They were able to leave, to go out to different parts of the world and establish a living. Eighty-five percent of the Scottish people live outside Scotland, and 75 percent of those live in the United States. Today, we

Photo by Hugh Morton

have family members scattered all over the world: Australia, New Zealand, France, Poland, Russia. It's amazing.

"As I review our history, I am impressed that they could survive through some of the hardships that they did. I think that proves that if you set your mind to it, you can cope with any situation and come through it. It develops an inner spirit that is strong."

His own immediate family appreciates the connections. One daughter, who lives in Williamsburg, Va., received the award of Scot of the Year from the St. Andrews Society because of her contribution to the games there. And though his six children "are scattered," they do gather for The Highland Games at Grandfather Mountain.

— Pat Arnow

— Based on interviews by Pat Arnow and Richard Blaustein.

Weight toss.

Photo by Hugh Morton

The Tents of the Midianites

The Fall from Kilted Grace

The Midianites, who first appear in Numbers 22, were one of the many tribes who stood between the Israelites and the Promised Land. They reappear in Judges with the world's first camel cavalry to lead the Chosen People in quite a dance.

Amy Tipton Gray

I must begin by confessing that I am a tartan apostate. For seven years, a fitting number, I was a sister in good standing. I wore my habit faithfully to the major celebrations that mark the American Scots liturgical calendar: Hogmanay; Burns Night; minor festivals (various regional Highland games); and the culmination, the feast of feasts, the Grandfather Mountain Highland Games, literally held come hell, high wind or high water the second weekend in July every year for nearly 40 years. I danced Scottish dances. I sang Scottish songs. I ate Scottish cuisine, not quite the oxymoron it appears. I even married a man whose father was a Scot for real, albeit originally a Canadian citizen, in an ersatz Scottish ceremony.

To conclude my public penance, there is one fact I probably should add if I hope to be shriven. The dissolution of my love affair with the American Highland Host foreshadowed the dissolution of my marriage. It's doubtful that the one had much to do with the other, for by that time my ex, despite his genetic imperative, had wandered off to other enthusiasms that did not necessitate wearing nine yards of wool outside all day in the South in the summer. And that is all I intend to whisper through the screen about that subject, as the point of this exercise is tracing my fall from kilted grace, not my divorce from domesticity.

As my mother, who is not Scottish, has often told me, "You don't need to tell everything to everybody all the time."

That out of the way, let me start at the finish, at the last time I went to Grandfather, four years ago.

Riding with me in my un-airconditioned Honda hatchback were my best friend, whose family got to Tennessee about the same time mine did in the 1760s, and two young Scottish women from Glasgow. One of them was from Glasgow anyway. One was half-Irish or half something, pale and fey, and the other was pale and what my great-grandma Barnett would have approvingly called hardy. They had traveled across the waters to participate in the Appalachian-Scottish Studies Program that had just been established by the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services at East Tennessee State University, and Norma and I were serving as sherpas.

Actually I was the sherpa, as Norma had never been to a highland games before, either.

"Are you Scottish?" one of them asked Norma. "No," she said. "My grandmother always said we were Scotch-Irish, but we actually came from Alsace Lorraine."

"Oh," the Scot said. Then she turned to me. "But you're Scottish, right?"

"Nope," I told her. "We're Welsh and English and Dutch."

There was a pause. The pair of them were not prepared for the altitude, the heat and the humidity, much less the paradox encroaching on them like the frogs did the Pharaoh.

One of them tentatively said that she had thought all, or many, native Appalachians were of Scottish descent.

Debunking that notion got us a good ways up the mountain.

Where I soon found myself trying to explain things I had long ago given up as inexplicable.

Picture it. In hand I had two Scottish nationals and Norma, none of whom were prepared for the woolen melee into which they had dropped. There were pipes and drums and pageantry and porta johns, vendors who sold everything from legitimate antique books and jewelry to the Scots equivalent of beaded moccasins and concrete yard art. There were dancers and dogs, harpers and hammer dulcimer players. There were haggis and hamburgers, single malt and soft drinks. There were Mercedes parked beside Mavericks, pickups flanking Porsches. It was the *Commedia* in kilt, and I was expected to play both Virgil and Beatrice when I actually felt like Dante.

It didn't help that I never found anyone I was looking for. Instead, I kept spotting former acquaintances whom I wanted to avoid or steer the others away from. Not that these people would have been impolite. But there were opinions I, in the admittedly chickenhearted interest of maintaining harmony, would have preferred the Scots not to overhear. Some petartaned Americans are not loathe to pronounce that the best Scots left Scotland long ago, and the only ones who stayed were — well, let me, euphemistically say — judged not to have any gumption. Among other things.

Photo by Hugh Morton

Parade of Tartans at the Highland Games

I figured hearing that would make my charges feel the same way I felt about *Next of Kin, The Winter People*, John Fox, Jr., and Dan Rather.

They weren't quitters, I'll give them that. They probably would have straggled around the field all day if it had not come to me suddenly that I had no idea what to do for a victim of heat stroke. As I was planning to sacrifice education for safety, I overheard one talking to Norma.

"What do you think of all this?" she said. "I think it's weird," Norma told her.

"We think it's weird, too," she said.

At that, I decided the field trip was over.

I think about that trip sometimes and what it showed me about how much I had changed while the community of kinship of which I was once so much a part had remained virtually unaltered. It is easier to explain how I got connected with the clans than it is to explain the disconnection. I was extraordinarily young, one of those late bloomers who seemed on the verge of dying in the bud. Somehow I had become involved in Scottish Country dancing, which I proved not to be bad at. One thing led to another, and I found myself camping at Grandfather in a borrowed tent. It would be something to do, I told myself. It would get me out of my graduate efficiency. It would be different.

What it was, was a revelation.

Honey, I was like Scarlett O'Hara at the barbeque, or more exactly, like the school marm moved to Alaska. I had no idea that the ratio of unattached men to unattached women would be so strongly set in my favor. Nor did I have any idea I could carry on a conversation with complete strangers. I had expected to be tolerated, if not outright ignored, and what I found was a ready-made family looking for an orphan to adopt. They camped together. They cooked together. And if that were not enough, the whole weekend was like Halloween for grown-ups, although I quickly learned that most people did not take that remark as the compliment intended.

Go back? Look for a clan to join, a tartan to adopt? Are you kidding? I ordered a new pair of dancing shoes the next week.

Of course there was a fly in the marmalade. I soon discovered that, like Norma, mine was apparently a Scotless family. My mother's connections proved both elusive and barren of Celts. Thanks to a second cousin who became a Mormon, I had a complete copy of the genealogy of my father's family. However, no matter how hard I looked, I could find no Tipton who had ever married a highland lassie.

During my first year on the circuit, I put in my time at the clan tents, reading the signs that listed all affiliated surnames (known as septs). Sooner or later, the conversation would go something like this:

"What name are you looking for?"

As I couldn't say, "Any name!" I would mention my paternal great-grandparents, the Barnetts.

"Oh yes," the person in charge of signing up new members would say, "Barnett. That's a Scottish name. I believe that's clan so-and-so. They're about five tents down."

Well, it never was clan anybody. I learned that there were more Barnetts in Belfast than Smiths. I learned that Barnett was possibly of Viking origin. I learned that none of the experts, not Black nor Moncrieffe nor anybody, could pin the Barnetts down. Although Barnett was, indubitably, a Scottish name.

I did learn, at great length, that some Scots were so poor and peripatetic that they signed up with whatever clan they were living next to or renting from. Which would mean that if my current landlord and next door neighbor, a Frazier by birth it so happens, got into it with the neighbors on the other side of my fence line, I would have to "go out" for my landlord and her husband.

My bet is that the Barnetts got tired of going out for everybody else and decided to go to Ireland and America for themselves.

Eventually, for many reasons, my family of friends broke apart. Like my progenitors, I proved constitutionally unable to set up my tent in one place and stay there. For one thing, my particular hamartia, the flaw of being no great respecter of persons, reared its obstinate head. I came to realize that what was for me recreation was serious business to lots of these folks, in both good ways and bad. But it was their village, not mine, and if I couldn't pull with them, I was the one who needed to fold up my tent, gather my flocks, and go.

But before we parted ways, I to trod the tartan trail no more, I learned many things and observed many phenomena. In my travels I saw:

❖ Jews, Poles, Germans, the Cornish, the Welsh, the Irish, practically the entire spectrum of the American gene pool in one tartan or another;

❖ An Indian chief (Creek) in a war bonnet and kilt, and a black man in a solid kilt (solid color means no clan affiliation);

❖ Clans who would let people join if one great-grandmother was a MacWhoever, but wouldn't let their children join (the genes wash out after the fourth generation, but not if you're a man, in which case clan-ness is welded with surname to the Y chromosome);

❖ Clans who would let anybody join who would sign a "Bond of Manrent," promising to go out for the adopted clan (hope for all the Barnetts among us);

❖ People who never tired of explaining that plaid (pronounced plade) was a garment, and tartan a pattern;

❖ People in polo shirts and kilts with sewn-down pleats pointing at people who only wore natural fibers and belted plaids (hand pleated yardage) who were pointing at people in polo shirts who ...

❖ A man wearing homemade armor in Savannah in May, trying to get someone to fight with him about Historical Authenticity;

❖ A man carrying a dead man's kilt and jacket, and the box holding his ashes, around the field during one Parade of Tartans;

❖ Americans whose families fought in the Revolution singing "God Save the Queen";

❖ More knives, swords, axes and non-explosive armature per person than would be seen anywhere, except perhaps at a bikers' rally;

❖ Persons who swore their tartan was handed down from the time of the apostles — well, one apostle, St. Andrew, anyway;

❖ Persons who had invented their own tartan;

❖ Many belts with C.S.A. buckles (Confederate States of America);

❖ A person who owned a bearskin kilt;

❖ Somebody who had bought a Title;

❖ Women arguing over whose silver to use when serving tea to the Duke of Atholl (who owns his own private army and castle and who knows what all else). (The Duke has very large feet, and all he would eat was pumpkin bread, made from a recipe taken off a Quaker oatmeal box — ask me, ask me how I know.)

The whole weekend was like Halloween for grown-ups, although I quickly learned that most people did not take that remark as the compliment intended.

It was something of an education, my years with the Scots. I met people from all strata of the American social scale, their motives for becoming involved in the games and clan societies as diverse as their tartans and their gross incomes. No type was left unrepresented. I met people there whom I will always respect, and people on whom I would sic my dogs with no provocation. The Games are quintessentially American, in so many ways: the creation, or re-creation, of a lost country in a strange place. It is no accident, I think, that these clan societies really began to flourish in the 1970s when it became very hard to tell exactly what America was any more.

At the same time much of this Celtophilia seems completely anti-American to me. Not un-American, because it has always been a peculiarly American trait to look longingly across the water for cultural guidance, for affirmation, for a model to follow. Yet I couldn't stop asking myself the same question all those years. Did we not come here so every man could be his own chief, every woman her own lady of the manor, no matter how modest that manor might be? I applaud pluralism and cultural diversity. I wish the media would acknowledge that my own culture is as diverse as it is. But this infatuation with Prince Charlie, who spoke no Gaelic and massacred a people so he could wear a London crown, this arguing over whose genes are or are not too thinly diluted, this loyalty to the never-neverland of shortbread tins and whiskey advertisements baffles me.

But in a way I envy them these tribes they have created for themselves. They belong. They fit. Their brains don't stop them in their tracks, saying "Yes, but — " at every turn. Oh, I could go back. But I couldn't. The barrier between us is as wide as the river Jordan, and which of us is the Midianites, and which the dispossessed trying to get into the Promised Land, I remain unable to tell.

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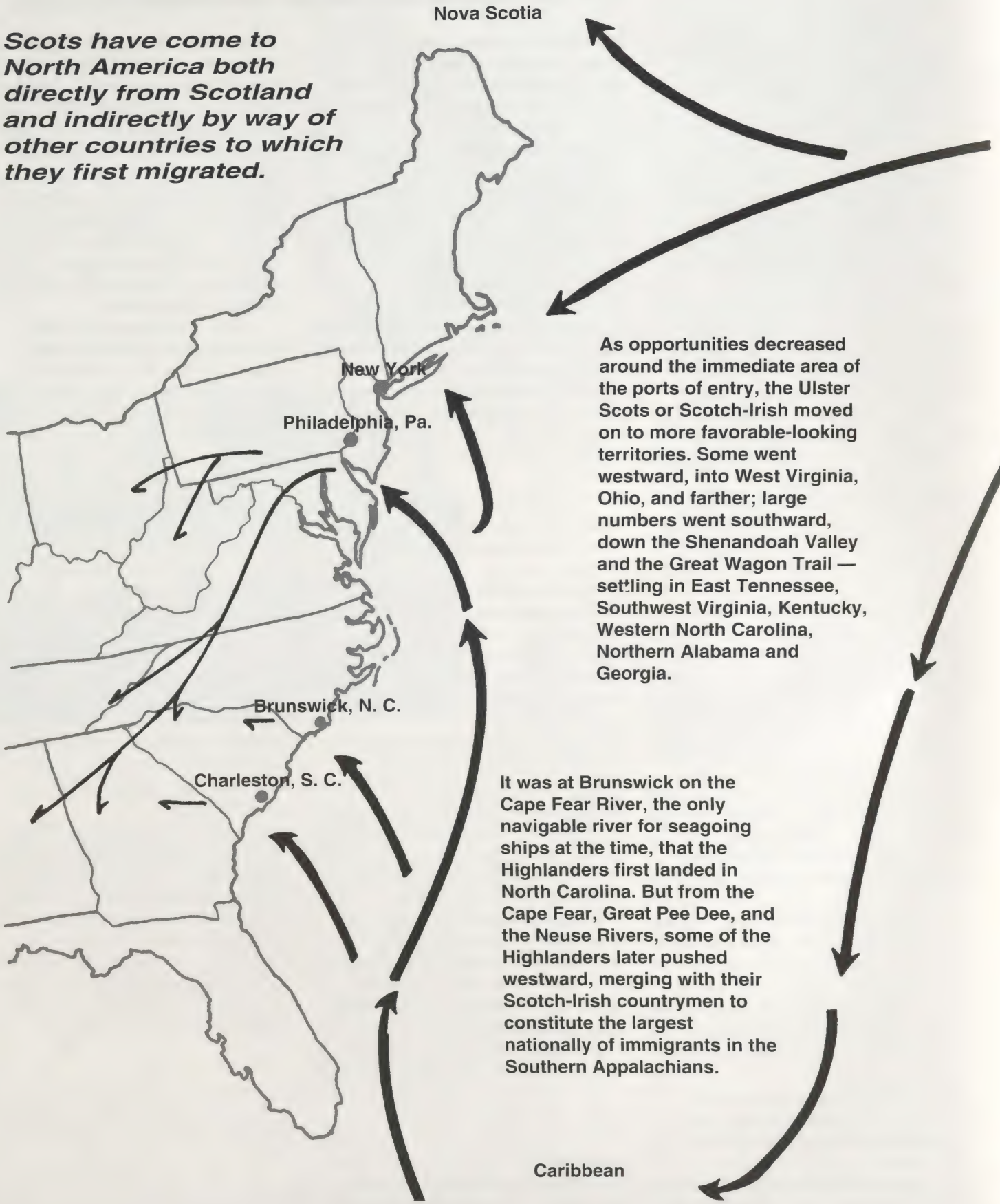
The Migration of Scots to



Scots have come to North America both directly from Scotland and indirectly by way of other countries to which they first migrated.

As opportunities decreased around the immediate area of the ports of entry, the Ulster Scots or Scotch-Irish moved on to more favorable-looking territories. Some went westward, into West Virginia, Ohio, and farther; large numbers went southward, down the Shenandoah Valley and the Great Wagon Trail — settling in East Tennessee, Southwest Virginia, Kentucky, Western North Carolina, Northern Alabama and Georgia.

It was at Brunswick on the Cape Fear River, the only navigable river for seagoing ships at the time, that the Highlanders first landed in North Carolina. But from the Cape Fear, Great Pee Dee, and the Neuse Rivers, some of the Highlanders later pushed westward, merging with their Scotch-Irish countrymen to constitute the largest nationally of immigrants in the Southern Appalachians.

Ulster and Appalachia

The greatest number of Scots came in the 18th century from Ulster in Northern Ireland, which had been settled mainly by Lowland Scots during the previous century. Some quarter of a million people left principally the ports of Newry, Belfast, Larne, Portrush, or Londonderry to arrive after a period of weeks or months at New York, Philadelphia, or Charleston. Most of them boarded a ship in Belfast or Londonderry and disembarked in Philadelphia.

Scottish Highlanders came to the New World in considerable numbers during the 18th century — some 50,000 or more. The first major wave (produced by economic changes in Scotland) came in 1749, crested in the 1770s, and ebbed with the beginning of the American Revolution. The second wave began after the War and continued to swell through the 19th century.

The majority of Highlanders came from the shires of Argyll and Inverness. Among the first were the dispossessed tacksmen (the gentry managers for the chiefs) of Clan Campbell and left from Argyll. Many other Highlanders boarded vessels from the Western Isles, Thurso in the north of Scotland, and Stromness in the Orkneys. The Gaels, preferring apparently to live among those who shared their own language and traditions, migrated to three main settlements— New York, Nova Scotia, and North Carolina. Smaller groups formed in Georgia and the other colonies, but the settlement in North Carolina (initiated in the 1730s) was the largest.

— Thomas G. Burton

Becoming Scotch-Irish

Curtis Wood, Jr.

To migrate

invariably means to gamble, to risk the welfare of the individual as well as cherished customs and beliefs. Equally, it requires that community be rebuilt either by a few newcomers among strange people or by a large transplanted population in a new setting. Some migrants enter the venture with regret, driven by famine, physical hardship or persecution. Others, more happily, are drawn by hope of a better life. Many are propelled into motion by both forces.

— *From Ulster to Carolina: The Migration of the Scotch-Irish to Southwestern North Carolina*
by Tyler Blethen and Curtis Wood, Jr., 1983

The heart of the story of the Scotch-Irish is in the border region of Lowland Scotland and Northern England. This region is also closely tied to Northern Ireland. A look at the map on page 15 shows how close they are physically. From the earliest times these two regions have been thrown together. The people of the border regions and of Northern Ireland were both Celtic peoples. In early times they spoke related Celtic languages. Their lifestyles were similar, too. They both practiced an agriculture which emphasized the raising of cattle and sheep combined with simple subsistence farming. Before about 1600, neither Ulster nor the Scottish border regions had experienced much in the way of orderly government. Their English neighbors regarded the people of Scotland and Northern Ireland as primitive and chaotic.

In the late 1500s, however, momentous changes came to the lowlands of Scotland. With the increasing intrusion of English culture, the Lowland Scots became more English speaking. Secondly, the radical religious teachings of John Calvin were introduced. The rise of Calvinism and Presbyterianism stimulated an uprising against the Catholic church and brought in some new attitudes: an insistence on education, an austere morality and a deep animosity toward the old religion.

Not only did these movements change the Lowland Scots, but they also separated them from the people of Northern Ireland who did not go through a similar change. The people of Ulster remained very much Gaelic speaking and Catholic. In the early 1600s when Lowland Scots began to move to Ireland, it was a different kind of Scot who went across to settle among the native Irish.

Politics comes into it, too. King James I was the catalyst for settlement. James of England was Scottish, and he sponsored the official settlement of Ulster by Lowland Scots. The Plantation of Ulster was originally a government project. The purpose of it was to pacify a turbulent region of Ireland with Protestant Scots whom James hoped would be more loyal, more productive and easier to govern. So the Scots began to move. Poverty and overpopulation were motivating factors for Scots to relocate the short distance away in Ulster where they hoped they would find a better life.

The king granted most of the land in the Plantation of Ulster to prominent English and Scottish noblemen. Most of the Lowland Scots settlers went as tenants or as landless laborers. From the beginning, the Plantation of Ulster was a landlord-dominated society.

Scottish settlers in Northern Ireland appear to have outnumbered English settlers who came from the border counties or from elsewhere in England by about five to one. English and Scots were not rigidly segregated from each other, nor were they completely segregated from the native Irish. There was some intermarriage. However, the different ethnic groups in Ulster did tend to cluster together and to preserve their identity as they do to the present in Northern Ireland.

The Scots in Ulster appear to have been more inclined to move about than the English. For instance, we find more Scots moving away from the east coast of Ulster into the backcountry of the west across the Bann River, pushing the frontier of Ulster, small as it was, westward. Throughout the 1600s, Ulster had a lot of unsettled land, and settlers seem to have moved frequently looking for better land and landlords.

In Ulster the single family farm was the norm, rather than the tightly organized village that was typical of England and much of Western Europe. Agriculture changed little in Ulster from its Scottish origins. The Ulster Scots, as they were called, continued to grow oats, wheat, barley and potatoes and to rely heavily on livestock and herding.

But Ulster did not turn out to be exactly the promised land. The province was underpopulated, and the settlers were surrounded by a hostile native

The Long Journey from Scotland to Ulster to Appalachia

population separated from them by religion and by an animosity engendered by being displaced. The early Scottish communities in Ulster were insecure and fortified, and there was constant conflict, some of it painful and bloody, between the settlers and the native Irish.

In the first decades, the 1620s and 1630s, settlers tended to straggle into Ulster in small numbers. There was a feeling in Ulster that Scotland was sending its thieves and bandits, not its best farmers. In the wake of the English civil war in the 1640s, settlement speeded up considerably and really began to take shape. There were uprisings of the native Irish against the Scottish settlers and the escalation of bitter feelings in that area. A Scottish army went into Ulster to bring order, and that force brought more prosperous settlers. It created more stable circumstances and growth.

This period of the middle of the century — 1650s and 1660s — also saw the introduction of Presbyterianism on a significant level. In Northern Ireland Presbyterianism took on distinctive Ulster qualities that set it apart from Scottish Presbyterianism. The problems of Ulster shaped these qualities. The Anglican Church was the established church of Ireland. The Church of England had been transplanted by the English as the official church there. Presbyterians, like Catholics in Ireland, were without power. The English rulers, who were Anglican, distrusted Ulster Presbyterians. The native Catholics also hated their Presbyterian neighbors. The result was a siege mentality, a sense of being surrounded by a hostile world, a defensiveness about their culture, their community, a tendency to respond to challenge with some belligerence, a kind of a stiff-necked determination to survive that became the spirit of the Ulster Scots and their Calvinist church.

Lacking privilege and power, the Presbyterian Church had to depend on its parishes for strength, not on a hierarchy and government support. Each local parish tended to be independent, to have its own understanding of theology and to run its own affairs. In Ulster Presbyterianism, there was less discipline and authority, more independence and diversity. I think it's fair to say that the Presbyterianism that the Ulster Scots brought to America was characterized by a more democratic

Thatched cottage, Torthorwald, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, 1954.

W. Kissling, courtesy of the School of Scottish Studies

The Long Journey from Scotland to Ulster to Appalachia

spirit and more variety of opinions and more diversity of its beliefs than Scottish Presbyterianism.

The last big migration from Scotland to Ulster came at the end of the century, in the 1690s, when the border region of Scotland experienced a major famine. The settlement of Scottish Ulster continued into the early 1700s, and it overlapped the beginning of Ulster migration to America which started in earnest in 1717 or 1718.

The early Scottish communities in Ulster were insecure and fortified, and there was constant conflict, some of it painful and bloody, between the settlers and the native Irish.

Some Scots who came to Ulster had been there a very short time indeed, one generation or even less, before going on to North America. Others, however, had been in Ulster three or more generations before they departed for America. Some of the Scots had picked up the experience of Ulster life, which brought changes to their Scottish heritage before they went on to America.

These Ulster Scots had built a new home for themselves in Northern Ireland. For many it has remained home to the present, but for at least a quarter of a million it was not a permanent home. It was a stopping off place that conditioned them, changed them and prepared them for another frontier and, as it turned out, a much more promising frontier across the Atlantic Ocean.

Historians still argue about the reasons they went, in part because there is more than one reason. Religion was one factor. They suffered under the penal laws and English legislation which protected the official church and worked against people who did not share that faith. That legislation excluded all but Anglicans from government office and from the professions. All Irishmen had to pay the Anglican Church a tithe, which they understandably resented.

In a few cases, entire congregations picked up and left Ireland together, which indicates some religious motivation. The best example of that is the Rev. William Martin who left County Antrim in the early 1770s, with his congregation of more than 400 people. They came to South Carolina and settled in the backcountry. Irish authorities throughout this period often complained that Presbyterian ministers incited their people to come to America. However, I think religion was rarely the primary reason that Ulster Scots left since the penal laws became increasingly liberal after 1700.

Economic grievances were more important. The basic economic problem of the Ulster Scots was one that was familiar all across Europe: ownership of land in the hands of a small class of landowners. That was a grievance everywhere because of rapidly growing populations, rising rents and competition for land. Large numbers of Ulster landlords often literally auctioned off use of their land to the highest bidder when a lease ended. It tended to drive rents up. It was called "rack-renting" and was a source of a great deal of suffering.

There was another twist to the economic problems. The English government that dominated Ireland prohibited Ulster farmers from exporting most agricultural goods to England because this would compete with English farmers. They even restricted trade with the British colonies. So rents were going up in the 1700s, but the agricultural economy was poor. The English only encouraged the making of linen, as it was an industry with which they did not compete. The cultivation of flax and the manufacturing and processing of linen cloth sustained thousands of families in Northern Ireland. When the linen trade went down, desperate people migrated. The waves of migration out of Ulster between 1720 and the early 1800s can be directly correlated to rising rents and fluctuations in the linen market.

There is a final factor explaining the great Ulster migration. The problems that the Ulster Scots experienced were really no worse than tenants experienced all over Europe; there were poor people everywhere. The crucial factor was the lure and the remarkable accessibility of America. The Ulster Scots had a real choice. By the 1720s, there was a lively trade in a variety of goods, particularly flax seed, between the ports of Northern Ireland and North America. Merchant ships sailed frequently, and immigrants were a west-bound cargo. There were no legal barriers to Ulster migration to America. There were no barriers of language or religion either. Protestantism was dominant with the Ulster Scots, and it was dominant in North America. So there was plenty of opportunity to go, and they did, some quarter million from 1715 to 1775. Along with German settlers, they became the backbone of much of U.S. society, especially in Appalachia.

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The Scotch-Irish in Southern Appalachia

Tyler Blethen

Working from census records, surnames and family histories, Curtis Wood and I have studied the Scotch-Irish settlement of Western North Carolina before the Civil War. We have concluded that 35 to 40 percent of the area's pioneer settlers were probably of Scotch-Irish ancestry. Although they by no means constituted a majority of the population, they were the largest single ethnic group, and as such, they profoundly influenced the development of mountain culture.

The danger in drawing general conclusions from a case study is that the sample may prove to be unique, but comparing Western North Carolina with what we know about East Tennessee and Southwest Virginia convinces us that the ethnic makeup of their people is similar. Thus, we believe that we can draw conclusions from our study of Western North Carolina about the influence of the Scotch-Irish that are applicable to a wider region of Southern Appalachia.

The earliest white incursion into Western North Carolina was probably the Spanish expedition led by Hernando deSoto in the 16th century. His route is subject to debate, but it is likely that he traveled through Western North Carolina. In the mid-18th century white hunters and traders explored the mountains. The Rutherford expedition, a colonial military force, burned its way through Southwestern North Carolina in 1776 in an effort to crush the Cherokee who had been raiding Piedmont settlements in alliance with the British. But it was not until the late 1780s and early 1790s that pioneers settled Western North Carolina.

The Scotch-Irish who led that pioneer migration were brought to the Southern Appalachians by a combination of ocean currents, prevailing winds, the nature of the Atlantic trade and a desire for cheap land. Because sailing ships were dependent upon winds and currents, the easiest way to cross the Atlantic to North America was to sail westward in the spring and summer on a course that dipped south to the Caribbean and then turned northwards to ports like Philadelphia. Returning later in the summer, ships headed east along a northerly route to catch the prevailing winds which blew in the opposite direction. Ulster merchants who purchased flax seed grown in Southeastern Pennsylvania to supply the linen economy of Ulster were eager to fill their ships with Scotch-Irish emigrants to Philadelphia for the return voyage to America.

Not all emigrants could afford the cost of their passage, but there were alternatives. Speculators paid the fares of those willing to sign away their freedom to become indentured servants for a period of four to seven years. At the end of the indenture, the servants were free to seek their fortunes. Another option was to become a redemptioner. Redemptioners borrowed the money for their passage but, unable to repay it on arrival in the New World, "redeemed" themselves by working for the lender for a term of years. A lively market developed for the rights to the labor of indentured servants and redemptioners.

Most of the Scotch-Irish who landed in Philadelphia arrived either as redemptioners or indentured servants. Once free of their obligation, most turned to farming. The great lure of America was its free or cheap land, an exciting promise for people from a landlord-ridden society like Ulster. The dream of working for oneself, of escaping the exploitation of "rack-renting" landlords who drove rents ever higher, was extremely exciting for the Scotch-Irish and other European immigrants.

The early arrivals in the 1720s claimed the best and cheapest land outside Philadelphia, forcing latecomers to move further inland. That process pulled settlers from Philadelphia through Southeastern Pennsylvania, then southwestward into the Shenandoah Valley and into the great valley of Virginia which runs in a northeast-southwest direction to Bristol, Tennessee/Virginia. All along this route the Scotch-Irish settled alongside people of other ethnic backgrounds — English, Germans, Scandinavians and Native Americans.

The great lure of America was its free or cheap land, an exciting promise for people from a landlord-ridden society like Ulster.

These pioneers followed the easiest routes along rivers and creeks and across mountains through their gaps. They settled on the best soils, usually on the riverbanks, and sometimes on fields

The Long Journey from Scotland to Ulster to Appalachia

cleared earlier by the Cherokee. The Cherokee, unlike the teepee-dwelling nomadic hunters of the Great Plains, were farmers who lived in log homes. But the flood of white pioneers increased, forcing the Cherokee off their lands, culminating finally and brutally in their removal along the Trail of Tears to Oklahoma in 1838.

The Shenandoah Valley became a staging area for migration deeper into the Southern Appalachians. By the middle of the 18th century places like Augusta and Rockbridge counties, Va., had become thickly settled with Scotch-Irish. From there, latecomers and second-generation families moved either southwest into East Tennessee or south into the North Carolina Piedmont. Most of the pioneers who entered Western North Carolina in the 1780s came from the Piedmont area, although there was a significant secondary migration from East Tennessee where people had settled earlier.

Unlike many emigrants to America, the Scotch-Irish did not preserve a strong sense of ethnic identity. It is difficult to identify a Scotch-Irish tradition in material culture, whether one looks at weaving patterns, baskets, pottery, tools or furniture. Part of the explanation is that they spoke English, were Protestants and were moving from one part of the British Empire to another. Consequently they did not feel as strong a sense of alienation or "foreignness" in their new home as did Germans, Scandinavians or Africans, and so they did not have as great a need to cling to old country ways. They also were remarkably adaptive. Wherever they settled alongside people of other ethnic backgrounds, they quickly adopted new ways. Dulcimers, banjos, log construction, and long rifles are all examples illustrative of the Scotch-Irish eagerness to copy.

Migration is a complex process. Migrants are powerfully shaped by the society of their birth, and they carry its ideas, its material culture, and its customs and traditions with them. Settlement patterns illustrate one way that the Scotch-Irish did try to retain their old lifestyle in their new home. In contrast to the thickly-settled villages of Southeastern England, the Ulster landscape was dotted with dispersed single-family farms. As Ulster emigrants settled in the Southern Appalachians, they strung their farms out along the rivers and creeks in the dispersed pattern that they favored.

Photo by Kenneth Murray

Top: Cattle grazing, Green County, Tenn.
Bottom: Sheep herding at Doune Carloway, Isle of Lewis, Scotland.
Opposite page: Pig, Scott County, Va.

But migrants are also influenced by their new environment which may be geographically, climatically or culturally quite different. As the Scotch-Irish attempted to recreate their traditional way of life in the mountains of Western North Carolina, their new environment often encouraged them to recreate it in different ways.

One example of their adaptability can be seen in changes in their agricultural practices. In Ulster, wheat, oats and barley were the dominant grain crops and cattle the preferred livestock. In America, Indian corn and hogs came to predominate. The Scotch-Irish also adopted the Native American method of clearing forested land, called slash and burn. First they stripped a girdle of bark around the trees to kill them. When the trees had dried out, they set them on fire. They left the stumps in the field and planted corn around them. Other farmers — English and Germans in particular — who traveled through Appalachia and observed this method of agriculture concluded that these Scotch-Irish farmers were lazy. But in a region where land was plentiful and labor scarce, why bother to grub out stumps? Corn grew among them very well, and the ash from the burned trees fertilized the soil. But Scotch-Irish farmers did not apply much other fertilizer — they did not use much manure, for example — so after a number of years, the soil wore out. When that happened, they cleared a patch of new ground by girdling and burning, and once again, they planted their crops among the stumps.

Photo by Kenneth Murray

Scotch-Irish farmers learned that hogs, which can root for food, were better suited to fend for themselves in the forest than cattle or sheep. But they also raised cattle, grazing them on the mountain balds during the summer and driving them back down in the fall. That tradition of migratory herding survived from their Ulster past and was easily adapted to their new environment.

Another example of adaptation, housing types, has been studied by Henry Glassie of the University of Pennsylvania. The typical Ulster farm house was a cabin made of the stone that too often filled their fields. When the Scotch-Irish arrived on the American frontier, they found more timber than stone, so they used it as their standard building material. However, Glassie found that the immigrants still followed their old Ulster floor plans in building their log homes.

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Now and Then . .

Work traditions 1900-1940

Below: Mrs. MacIntyre harvesting, Eriskay, Scotland, 1934.

Photo by Werner Kissling, courtesy of the School of Scottish Studies

Jason Reed, chairmaker, near Blaisville, N. C., 1932.
Photo by Doris Ulmann.

Courtesy of the John C. Campbell Folk School Photographic Collection, Berea College Southern Appalachian Archives

. Here and There

Top: W. H. Lawson making bread pans from sheet steel salvaged from mine dump, Bell County, Ky., 1946.

Bottom: Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. O'Kelly carding and spinning wool, Mt. Pisgah, N. C., 1915.

Photo by Russell Lee, National Archives

Southern Appalachian Photographic Archives, Mars Hill College

Top: Mrs. Gillies spinning, St. Kilda, Scotland, 1938.

Bottom: Rope-making from horsehair, Locuboisdale, South Uist, Scotland, 1936.

Photo by Robert Atkinson, courtesy of the School of Scottish Studies

Photo by Werner Kissling, courtesy of the School of Scottish Studies

The MacRoots Phenomenon

or, the Myth of Scottish America

Ted Cowan

When the Scottish minister, Robert Kirk, wrote a book to prove the existence of fairies in 1691, he described himself as "a circumspect inquirer residing among the Scottish-Irish in Scotland." In short, he was a Gaelic speaker in the Highlands of Scotland. Ironically, by the second half of the 19th century, when the label Scotch-Irish was applied to a section of immigrants arriving in Appalachia and other parts of the United States, a majority of those whom the term described were of Lowland Scottish origin by way of Ireland. There was nothing "Highland" about them.

Yet today the stereotypical image of the Scot is clad in Highland garb, adorned with kilt, sporran, bagpipes, imbibing vast quantities of whiskey, maybe tossing a caber or two to keep in shape and inhabiting a desolate landscape of mountain, moor and mist, wind in the rocks and stags in the heather. Everybody knows what a Scot looks like or sounds like. In his recent study, *Albion's Seed*, David Hackett Fisher has added a few heady ingredients to this rich Scotch broth in describing the Scots who inhabited Appalachia. They were (are?) "baleful" of face, aggressive, anti-authoritarian, lazy, partial to foodstuff normally reserved for animals, prone to violence, rough towards their women and dressed in clothes designed to accentuate their manhood. Anyone concerned about the final characteristic would almost inevitably have to display all the other qualities given that Scotsmen supposedly always wear skirts!

The Scottish component in the Scotch-Irish is rather feebly perceived in modern America. Scotch-Irish was coined as a description of those immigrants who were Protestant Irish, that is, *not* Catholic. Their ancestors were transplanted as colonizers in Catholic Ireland in the 17th century from the western Lowlands of Scotland. The "plantationers" were as antipathetic to Irish Gaels as they were towards Gaelic speaking (often Catholic) Highland Scots. Yet today their descendants dress in assorted tartans for the Grandfather Mountain Games and kindred events. They are a product of the myth of Scotch-America.

Perhaps no people on earth, with the exception of Americans, have a greater capacity for self-mythologization than the Scots. The Scottish people themselves have often believed the same myth despite the fact that over 87 percent of the population of Scotland lives in the central Lowlands in what has been, since the late 18th century, one of the most intensely urbanized and industrialized areas in all of Europe. About 1 percent of the Scottish population today speaks the Gaelic language, yet it is the visible and audible culture of these people which is celebrated at Highland Games in both the old country and in North America. There is a story that when Vincent Minnelli was scouting possible location shots for *Brigadoon* in Scotland, he returned protesting that nothing over there reminded him of Scotland.

When Vincent Minnelli was scouting possible location shots for *Brigadoon* in Scotland, he returned protesting that nothing over there reminded him of Scotland.

Perhaps a stiff shot of Scotch is required in order to understand this phenomenon. The word *Scotch*, by the way, to which so many modern Scots object, was perfectly acceptable until the early 20th century, the adjective being analogous to French or Dutch. One Scottish writer in the 1920s lamented its passing, complaining that "Scotch" had silently become "Scottish." Scotch, he noted, was now reserved only for things which could be bought and sold such as Scotch potatoes, Scotch whisky and Scotch members of parliament.

To investigate the myth is to peel several layers off the Celtic onion, only to see those same layers being re-attached by later generations of North Americans. Firstly, there are the stereotypes of early Scottish and Irish literature — fatalistic heroes who are individualistic loners, men of violence, cattle rustlers capable of superhuman deeds often also engaged upon the quest or the exploration of strange or otherworldly countries. These are the selfsame ingredients subsequently resurrected for application to the literature of the American frontier. Secondly, as women and men moved from the Scottish countryside into the exploding cities, they carried with them a sense of loss enshrined in the ballads and in sentimental poetry. They created a kind of Highland Disneyland, a never-never kingdom of the mind, which shielded them from the unconscionable realities of contemporary industrialization and domestic squalor. Those emigrants who were headed for America transported exactly the same image of a land and a time that never was to the other side of the Atlantic. Many of these people came not to create a New World but to preserve the Old.

Their attitudes were reinforced by the colossal influence on both sides of the Atlantic of writers like Sir Walter Scott. There was thus a parallel mythologization process evolving in Scotland and America with Highland games, St. Andrews societies, curling clubs, golfing clubs and Robert Burns suppers. Indeed we could take this further and suggest that at least part of the Scottish myth was

manufactured in North America and then exported to Scotland.

Many aspects of the growth of Scottish identity remain to be explored. How did the Scots acquire a reputation for thrift, or miserliness? How come they are canny? How does a Protestant Irishman come to wear a kilt? Why so many contradictions? What of the values they brought with them — religious, political and constitutional? Why are they allegedly so violent? Did they contribute to the Southern feuds? Are they all addicted to whiskey? Why do they wear skirts? What happened to the tutelary spirits that emigrated with these families in the 18th century? How Scotch are the Scotch anyway?

The process is complex, but it still goes on. A majority of clan societies now in existence in the United States and Canada have come into being since 1967. The MacRoots phenomenon is expanding. At the same time, a minority of North Americans engaged in piping, Highland dancing or curling have Scottish surnames. The colorful has triumphed over the conventional.

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Finally, religion provides an interesting example of adaptation. The Scotch-Irish were predominantly Presbyterian, and they brought it with them to the Southern Appalachian frontier. But Presbyterianism was not well-suited to the frontier because it demanded a hierarchical structure of presbytery and synod. Problems of distance and travel in the mountains made it difficult to impose that kind of governing structure on Southern Appalachian churches. Another problem that Presbyterians found difficult to overcome was their insistence on an educated clergy. In the 18th century, most Americans who wanted to become Presbyterian clergymen were trained at the seminary in Princeton, N.J., far from Southern Appalachian communities. By the early 19th century, Presbyterianism began to fade in the southern mountains. Many of its followers turned to Baptist and Methodist congregations which did not insist upon seminary-trained clergymen. To feel the call from God was the qualifying experience for them. So Presbyterianism faced a serious problem of survival in the Southern Appalachians. It did not disappear, but Baptists and Methodists came to predominate.

Because they were so adaptable, the ethnic identity of Scotch-Irish settlers blurred as time passed. The pioneers never called themselves Scotch-Irish, for that was a name not used in America until the late 19th century. Rather they referred to themselves simply as Irish or, as they pronounced it in the Southern Appalachians, "Arsh." Not until the potato famine of the 1840s spurred a massive Irish migration did Protestants from Ulster feel the need to distinguish themselves from other (Roman Catholic) Irish immigrants. It was then that they began to use the term Scotch-Irish. But they used it not so much in a cultural sense as in a political and religious one, for having proven so culturally adaptable in America they had lost most understanding of what it meant to be Scotch-Irish or even Irish. As a name it held great symbolic power for them, but they rarely bothered to define it. It was simply one of the ingredients that made them unique in their own minds as mountaineers and distinguished them from other Americans.

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"I see the crofters and shepherds, with their bundles, being rowed out to the ship, which is certainly small enough. They are clothed in homespun, and are the colour of the earth. The very earth of Scotland is being moved to the New World. The children are rosy, but the faces of their fathers and mothers are already brown and marked with hard work. The clothes they wear are not picturesque Highland dress. Not a kilt is to be seen. But they wear the blue bonnet, and their cloaks are plaids, sure enough, not in the tartans of a later date, but in dark browns and black-and-gray checks. A sober people, dark and thrawn as their own soil."

— Robertson Davies
from *Murther & Walking Spirits,* Viking, 1991.

Place for Sale: The Search for Fantasy Mountain in Scotland & Western North Carolina

by John B. Stephenson

There is much to be learned about the life and death of small communities through the study of their histories, their rounds of daily life and what is happening to their populations, whether they are located in the Blue Ridge Mountains of the United States or the Highlands of Scotland. Perhaps with the accumulated knowledge from such studies from around the world we can determine what forms of adaptation lead to vitality in peripheral communities.

The place which I call Shiloh is in western North Carolina. The village of Ford is in the West Highlands of Scotland. Despite the great separation in distance, there are similarities which make comparison inviting. Geographically, the West Highlands (the old county of Argyll) and the Blue Ridge section of North Carolina have in common their topography, their beauty and their shrinking distance from urban centers. They are both less affluent than the urban cores to which they relate, both somewhat culturally different than their urban counterparts.

Western North Carolina is in fact said to have been settled in part by Highlanders and others of Scottish descent in the 18th century, although I think it unwise to press the matter of cultural purity and persistence as far as some do in studies of Appalachia and the South. Both Shiloh and Ford share today a linkage to the societies of which they are part. There is a peculiar bond between the city and the countryside which finds its expression in these two cases, a bond which involves a search for place. It is the sharing of this bond which is the basis of the comparison drawn here.

Shiloh Revisited

More than likely, Shiloh was settled by whites of varied nationality in the 1700s, some of whom would have arrived there by way of the North Carolina Piedmont, some of whom may have traveled south along the Blue Ridge spine. It is extremely doubtful that this area was ever isolated from the rest of the country, although it may have been relatively uninfluenced by what went on elsewhere until the late 19th and early 20th centuries when timber interests and missionaries moved in to harvest trees and souls, respectively.

Change surged upon Shiloh as a consequence of World War II, with the building and improvement of roads and the upgrading and consolidating of schools. The extent of farming declined. Employment in mining and manufacturing began and increased. Communications from the outside grew with the coming of telephones in the 1960s and television somewhat earlier.

In 1965 I noted the passing through of tourists and the occasional summer visitor interested in a second home. These I saw as another source of the modernizing influence on this relatively unknown and nondistinctive mountain place. On the other side of the ridge, there was an entire summer settlement of Floridians in a cove named, coincidentally, Pensacola, but I did not foresee adequately what would happen on the Shiloh side of the mountain. Nor did I appreciate what lay behind the resettling of Pensacola and what its effects on local structures and culture were, other than to provide a cultural challenge to "traditional" values and orientation.

When I drove into Shiloh in 1980, however, the first observation I wrote in my notes concerned the real estate billboards decorating the approach to the community. They were new, as was the sign which pointed to the campground and recreation area that did not exist on my earlier visits. Driving down the main road, I noticed that a branch office of a national realty chain had opened since my last trip to Shiloh and that the store had changed hands. I was surprised to see a new Presbyterian Church not far from the old one which apparently was still functioning. I noted a new brick building that boasted the existence of a volunteer fire department.

I saw few new homes from this road, but otherwise the housing looked much as it had 15 years before. When I explored the side roads, I discovered that what I had seen from the main road was misleading. Numerous new homes dotted the coves as well as new mobile homes and greatly improved older residences. Further down the main road I saw signs marking new tract developments. One was built around a championship golf course. On the edge of it had been built a new Bavarian restaurant (owned by card-carrying Bavarians, I might add).

With the aid of the son of one of my former key informants, I mapped the entire community, identifying the occupants of every dwelling for comparison to a similar map I had made 15 years earlier. With the help of the son of another informant, I extracted information on land ownership in the township covering a 13-year span. I interviewed the new realtor and examined the records of property sales in that office. I talked to numerous newcomers and longer-term residents. The story of change in Shiloh in 1980 had little or nothing to do with modernization; it had, rather, to do with the resettlement of the community by persons whose origins were outside the mountains.

I found that while my friend John Henry Sommers had moved his household from down on the creek up to the main road, the internationally-known concert pianist Lilly Kraus and her physician son-in-law and his family had moved from an eastern city to a place down on the same creek. John Henry was proud of his new location, pointing to the town sign in his front yard and remarking that "You can't hardly get more downtown than *that*." The Kraus household was equally proud of its new homestead under the trees and out of sight of the entire community.

I learned that the deaf-mute old man who once made a chair for me was enjoying life in Morgantown, N.C., while his old ramshackle house off the beaten path toward the upper end of the creek had been bought and remodeled complete with white picket fence by a retired couple from Miami.

I discovered that the store had been bought by a couple from Baltimore who read about the property in a nationally distributed realty catalog. During all his years in the General Electric plant, the man had dreamed about being a country storekeeper, and now his dream was a reality.

Ironically, the farther I drove from the highly visible areas near the main road, the more likely I was to witness the transformation of the community. For people like John Henry and Hope Summers, moving to the highway was an escape from marginality and the social class put-downs associated with life down the creek. To the newcomer physician, the attorney and all the retired couples from the cities, the realization of their anti-urban ideal was measurable by the distance away from the highway. So as the John Henrys moved in closer to what they saw as a progressive, civilized life, the urbanites took their places, both literally and figuratively. They shored up crumbling foundations of old houses, replaced rusting roofs, painted weather-beaten boards and erected new mailboxes bearing new family names.

Statistics confirmed what the eye could see. The tax records for 1980, when compared with those for 1968, showed that the total number of parcels of land had increased while the average size of each had decreased. They also showed that the value of the land had skyrocketed. The number of property owners increased from 1,106 in 1968 to 1,521 in 1980. Seventy-five percent of this increase was made up of non-natives. In 1968 the proportion of taxpayers who were natives of the township was already low at 47 percent. By 1980, the figure had fallen to 35 percent. The fastest-growing category of new owners were those who came from outside to take up full-time residence.

Some of the newcomers were speculators who did not live there and never intended to. They hoped simply to enjoy financial gain. Others bought property for short vacations, sometimes renting out their otherwise unoccupied houses in order to help meet the mortgage payments. Still others had built or bought homes in which to live after retirement. There were also full-time residents who came to work in the vicinity. They were of working and child-rearing age.

In a visit with the realty office, I found confirmation. Sixty pieces of property worth a total of $1 million had been sold by the company since it opened its doors four years earlier. The realtor opened a desk drawer and read off the home addresses of the clients: 23 from Florida, three from New York, two from Mississippi, one each from Connecticut, Vermont, New Jersey, Ohio, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Missouri, Indiana, Maryland and Kentucky. Eleven were from North Carolina, five of those from the county, and only one was from the township.

The reasons people gave for buying places in Shiloh generally had to do with the fulfillment of a dream — not always the same dream, but some kind of imagined improvement in the quality of life. People said they were tired of the city — the danger, the traffic, the noise, the racial situation. People said they had been in places like this while on vacation, and they had it in mind to live out their retirement days in long-awaited, full-time leisurely inactivity. People said they came here for solace and retreat, to get close to the land and be with "real people." A few people said they came here to help the sick, the poor, the unlettered, the disorganized and those deficient in high culture. All these people said they liked the place and, in varying degrees, the people, and that they felt at home here.

They came here for solace and retreat, to get close to the land and be with "real people."

What they had bought was a place. One might say it was a place on Fantasy Mountain.

Much of the land that was in the hands of land speculators and developers, the so-called "spec" property, was handled by a native son, Craig Bowman. He had sold his father's grocery business to devote more time to interesting commercial pursuits. He was exceedingly bright — bright enough to know where the money was and insightful enough to see exactly what was happening as a result of his own actions.

Land sales here surpassed Pensacola, according to Bowman. "Many people," he said, "have sold out to outsiders at what to them is a high price. They've bought over in McDowell County or in Burke, changing their lifestyles." I asked him what the local people think about what he's doing. He said, "The local people always want to know whether the people I'm selling to will be nice people. So far, they've been satisfied." Then he became pensive: "I would trade all the money for the way it was in the mid-50s, but it's too late. There's an old saying: don't crap in your own backyard. But we've done it, and I've helped. We all justify land development by saying if we didn't do it, somebody else would. Sooner or later, nobody but a few of us who can afford it will be left here." As if to prove his point, he later introduced me to a man named Ed by saying, "I want you to meet a member of a dying breed — a native."

The breed is not dying, of course, but it is becoming outnumbered. The natives who have not moved to McDowell or Burke or Charlotte or California still find employment within commuting distance at places such as Baxter Laboratories, American Thread, Hickory Springs, Blue Bell, Glen Raven, Armored Garment, the golf course, the Highway Department and the Forest Service. They still fish and go to church and observe decoration day and visit back and forth in ways reminiscent of Shiloh in 1965.

But the structure of community life is tangibly different. None but the most hopelessly romantic would deny that these changes represent community improvements for the most part, although there is a great deal of ambivalence expressed by natives. In 1965 Shiloh experienced near-trauma trying to create a community improvement organization. No one would agree to be nominated as chair. In fact, there were no community organizations except for the churches and

a softball team. The only reason the community improvement group finally came into being was because of the efforts of a minister from Ohio.

Now organizations abound. There is a volunteer fire department organized by newcomers but run jointly by newcomers and natives. There is a program for senior citizens organized by newcomers. The new church was begun at the instigation of one man from "outside." Newcomers organized a monthly music appreciation group. Child development and health services have improved because of the initiative of a physician who moved into Shiloh. He has also maintained an imaginative program of assistance to problem families, coupled with housing improvement. Last, but certainly not least, there is now a community center in Shiloh, an unthinkable accomplishment 15 years ago. This has come about mainly because of the efforts of newcomers. A YMCA-sponsored youth program is the next project in the works. This idea is being promoted mainly by the wife of one recently arrived chiropractor.

Relations between the newcomers and the natives vary greatly, but in the main, the attitude is one of mutual tolerance, a keeping of distance, a muted disdain. Most of the newcomers expressed the feeling that they were well accepted by the natives, but they admitted that they rarely associated with them except in public places such as the stores and in meetings. They had ideas about local culture which were not especially complimentary. ("Nobody will ever act together down here." "They're not taught things about responsibility and motivation." "They don't know the world outside this little place." "The low level of education is appalling." "I didn't realize the apathy of these people." "They don't know about things so they don't want them." "People are afraid to say anything for fear it will come back on them. We need to introduce the democratic process here.")

The natives did not hide their feelings well. One man, attempting to put his new neighbors in a good light, said, minimally, "They speak. And I speak to them." Another said that some are better than others: "Some of these outsiders is all right, and others is just plumb hateful. They're unfriendly, don't want you to set foot on their land but want to roam all over yours. I sold a man 10 acres above me here. I wish I hadn't. I needed the money. It's been sold twice since then, and I never met the man that owns it now. He *might* be one of those hateful ones." Another native talked about how the outsiders stick to themselves. He does have one close friend who is an outsider. He said, "He ain't no smarter than I am." As for most of them, he said that "The Florida people has about taken over." When I asked Hope Sommers, who had recently moved close to the highway, if she knew of any other terms people used for the newcomers, she said, simply, "land-takers."

A retiree from Miami, watching the sun set from his front porch while he broke with local custom and drank beer openly in front of God and his neighbors, said that he had found the local way of life different from his, but not surprisingly different. He said people were easy to get along with. "We don't have any problems. It's live and let live. Nobody sticks their nose in your business." That may be all he asks for, coming from Miami, but I asked him how he thought local people felt about outsiders like himself. His answer was accurate and perceptive: "They like the money from Florida people, but then they resent them."

We see in this one small Appalachian community a case of rural invasion and succession. Local families are leaving Shiloh in search of improved lives in towns and cities, and urban refugees are taking their places in the country, also in search of better ways of living. The machinery of this complex exchange is oiled and operated by a combination of local and outside entrepreneurs — all brokers of one kind or another. And the consequence is an uneasy acceptance of change on the part of natives — an eagerness to take the money and run coupled with as yet ill-formed questions about messes of pottage.

While the natives may struggle with ambivalence toward their new neighbors, the newcomers seem on the whole quite happy with their decisions to relocate in Shiloh. While they may be aware of the distance at which they are kept by the natives, that pattern of distancing is nothing new to them, and it is more than acceptable as a part of community life; it is probably even preferred over the alternative. The newcomers *feel* accepted, and they *feel* at home. The full-time residents have made commitments to this place. It is now *their* place. They feel affection for it, love its physical aspects and want to care for it and "improve" it.

There can be little doubt that the newcomers' influence on Shiloh is making it a better community, if we measure community vitality by the degree of locality-based associations and mutual problem-solving. If, on the other hand, we were to define the strength of community in terms of shared identity or shared sense of place, the picture in Shiloh is more confusing. My impression is that the newcomers may now have a stronger sense of place than do the natives, who are uncertain what is happening to their place. One native said unsentimentally, "You've got to have progress, but after you reach a point, you lose what you had and you can't get it back."

The place has changed, every native seems to agree. One commented that, "Neighborhoods are not as closely knit. Life is faster paced. People don't keep up with each other — they don't care that much." Another, describing what he meant by saying that the pace of life had changed, said, "Decisions are made quickly now. It used to take three days to decide whether to cut your hay. And you don't make deals on handshakes anymore, either." These are people reporting their perceptions of culture change, changes in a place they are not certain is

The newcomers may now have a stronger sense of place than do the natives, who are uncertain what is happening.

even theirs anymore, a place becoming so filled with outsiders that some of the natives are feeling a bit crowded. Mountain humor, as humor everywhere, often has an edge to it, as when one man said, "If you're thinking about moving down into here, I'd say you'd better hurry while you can still wedge in."

The Village of Ford

On the surface one would see little reason to seek parallels between Shiloh and the West Highland Scottish village of Ford. Their histories are highly divergent. There are important differences in class structure, culture and settlement patterns. Even the weather is different, not to mention the national histories of which each is a tiny part.

Ford is quite small, with 156 people in 60 households. Records make mention of Ford in the 17th century, although it was most certainly a human settlement earlier than that. Ford became important as a stopping place and a river crossing for the cattle drives by means of which Highland cattle were delivered to markets in central Scotland. Located at the head of Loch Awe in Argyllshire, Ford grew adventitiously at the intersection of two townships and three major estates. Once dependent on these estates for support and employment, the villagers now find employment in diverse settings usually not related to estates: tourism, forestry, hill farming, plant nursery work, fish farming, gamekeeping and a number of occupations outside the community.

Shortly after my arrival in Ford a resident told me that I would have difficulty finding many natives in the village because everyone living there had arrived recently. This prediction was not greatly exaggerated. Eventually, I identified seven natives. The native population, I was told, had been dwindling for many years.

Yet the population in Ford in 1981 was increasing. A look at the township of Kilmartin (in which Ford is located) showed that until recently the population had been steadily decreasing since 1801. This historical decline paralleled the pattern of population change in the Highlands generally. The infamous Highland Clearances, begun in the 1770s, resulted in massive forcible evictions, relocation and emigration so that the native population could be replaced with sheep, which were more profitable to the large landowners. The potato blight, the failure of agriculture in the Highlands to respond to "improvements" and rationalization efforts, and the attraction of employment alternatives outside the Highlands continued this heavy outflow throughout the 19th and 20th centuries.

Entire glens are now empty of people. Kilmartin Parish itself declined from 1,501 people in 1801 to 327 in 1971. In one of my first visits to Ford, a resident expressed serious doubt about the future of the village, predicting that it would die within a very few years as other villages had died before it. When I saw the long history of decline in the census figures, I knew no reason to doubt her prophecy.

But Ford was far from dead, as it turned out, either in terms of population or by other measures of community vitality. The Scottish Women's Rural Institute thoughtfully had taken an exact census in Ford village in 1966, a count with which I could compare my own census in 1981. The comparison showed that the population had increased between 40 and 50 percent. It was clear that this growth was not attributable to natural increase — the young were still leaving Ford just as in earlier generations, and the birth rate had declined. The in-migrants, or "incomers," as they are known in Britain, had caused the surge in population.

The incomers were people such as the Greenshields and Mr. Brotherston, retired English schoolteachers, who had traveled earlier in the Highlands and looked for a place like Ford in which to live out their later years. Mr. Brotherston had an ancestor from the Lothian area (near Edinburgh), so that there was a somewhat remote Scottish connection in the family.

They were people like Roger and Nan Parks, lowland Scots who had worked on the western islands and then moved to Ford where Roger found work on a new fish farm. The couple says they love the Highland nature, scenery and lore. They cannot imagine living in the city now. Ford is home.

Bryan Johns is an architect in the nearby town of Lochgilphead. The Johns moved to Ford from Edinburgh. At first they did not feel accepted, but now they like Ford. He is a member of the Ford Gun Club, and he teaches bagpiping in the school at Lochgilphead. When first footing takes place at Hogmanay (New Year's), Johns is there with pipe and kilt, leading the group from door to door, wishing everyone a happy new year and bringing a small gift for good luck as the ancient custom dictates.

Ian Willis came to Ford from Lancashire (England) to take over a nursery and make a go of it. To the Willises, Ford represented economic opportunity combined with a pleasant countryside environment and comfortable relationships.

Other recent incomers are teachers, secretaries, nurses and government employees in Lochgilphead. One is a businessman in Oban; another is a geologist who works anywhere in the world the oil business takes him. Others are shepherds and farm workers and forestry workers. Most came to Ford, like the retired couples, because they knew of the area from earlier travels or from friends, and they always wanted to live in a place in the countryside where the pace was slower, the people friendly and the scenery beautiful. Others (the shepherds and farmers especially) came to Ford for jobs.

When I listened to people in Ford talk about why they came there, I realized that many, like their Shiloh counterparts, have come to find a place on Fantasy Mountain. And to give credit where it is due in both Ford and Shiloh, most of them have found it.

For almost all the recent incomers to Ford feel very much at home here. They feel a strong sense of place. Greenshields said that when she returns to Ford after a journey away from the Highlands, she feels that, "These are *my* hills." The Greenshields all voted for Scottish devolution in the 1979 referendum, which made them, by that measure at least, more Scottish than many of their Scottish neighbors in Ford, who by and large voted against it. The MacNays, also English ("born Londoners"), are rooted strongly in Ford, finding there "everything to delight the senses" and good friends and neighbors in the bargain. The incomers are among the most active in the local historical society, and they played a vital role in preparing the local history written several years ago. Few of

The process of immigration has been at work for a longer period in Ford than in Shiloh, and yet the division is still there, fueling stereotypes, subtly poisoning personal relationships and making for a good deal of mutually understood — and, so far, amiable — hypocrisy.

them, incidentally, showed much desire to be buried near their original homes.

The impact of the recent incomers on the village is difficult to overestimate. They express their commitments to their adopted home in a number of ways, including participation in community associations. Mr. Brotherston's sister plays the organ at church. Incomers are active on the Village Hall Committee, which plans a large number of community programs throughout the year. Incomers began a youth program, an exercise program for women and a new play school. Incomers helped with the planning and installation of the village's television antenna. Some of them are active in the Ford Gun Club, which has been a village institution since at least 1880. Many recent incomers also participate in pub life at the Ford Hotel, which is the center of village life for the largest number of residents, especially during the winter when the tide of tourists is out.

The incomers have had an undeniably invigorating effect on the village. Although some older community institutions have disappeared or weakened, the incomers have helped bring new ones to life. At the same time that the former urbanites celebrate the virtues of country living and the English celebrate Scottishness, they bring change with them. These differences in habit and outlook are not always appreciated by the natives and early incomers. It is as though the olden ways of life are weakened by the very act of glorifying them, or as though what is cherished but not fully understood is smothered in the embrace of affectionate strangers. Whatever is left of native Highland culture in Ford is being papered over with the images of Scottish culture which people bring with them.

New divisions within the community have also accompanied the changes in population. Long-term residents understand something about the nature of invasion and succession, but not all of them like its consequences. A common complaint was that "They come to live here and then tell us what to do." I was told that the incomers are resented because they buy property at high prices that local people cannot afford, which has caused natives to leave. The incomers are described often as unfriendly, superior-acting, demanding, aloof and overbearing. They are referred to as "white settlers," a term usually applied to the English, against whom there is a strong historical prejudice among Scots, but which in this case is applied to a number of urban Scots as well. Some of the incomers are aware that they are thought of as "white settlers," but most are either unaware or choose to ignore it. The resentment is never expressed openly and is never manifested in conflict except when it takes the form of some other issue. The division is there, ever-present, but below the surface of human relationships.

The village is full of community vitality. Community associations are reasonably strong. There is evidence of shared place-related purpose and of shared place-related identity. Decision-making autonomy is not strong in any absolute sense, but it is as strong as it could be given Ford's linkages to larger economic and political systems. Ford is not dying; it is, however, going through another watershed in its long life.

Changing Places

What is happening in Shiloh and Ford is no doubt taking place in a number of other settings. Howard Newby, for example, has published thoughtful studies of the effects of incomers in farm villages of East Anglia. The process proceeds apace, although without benefit of study, along almost the entire Blue Ridge spine in Virginia and North Carolina. It is not unknown in places such as the fringe counties of Eastern Kentucky.

Nor is what is happening today an invention of our time. In the case of Western North Carolina, historians trace the earliest movement of tourists and second-home owners to the 1820s. Apparently these were mostly South Carolina planters' families in search of relief from malaria during the summer season. In the case of the West Highlands, travelers' accounts are fairly common from the early 19th century. By the late 1800s, the area had been "Balmoralized" along with the rest of the Highlands, with estates given over to sporting pastimes and the lochs overrun with anglers. (The Game Book from the main estate at Ford showed that in 1903, 1,120 birds and 2,370 rabbits were shot and 1,162 fish taken from its various lochs.) Loch steamers ferried tourists around the Ford area for about 100 years beginning in the 1850s. The Ford Hotel is said to have opened in 1864, but inns of some kind were there before that date. The earliest guest book for the hotel I could find began in 1924; it showed visitors from all over Britain and the continent — and one from Arizona — but mainly from England. The point is that many people first learned about Ford from spending summer holidays there, and that second home ownership — if it can be called that — began in the 19th century when wealthy Londoners bought up estates and converted them from farming to sporting ventures for purposes of recreation and personal prestige.

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For Singin' and No for Readin'

Scottish Ballads in America

Herschel Gower

Sir Walter Scott made a knowledgeable prediction when he imagined the song of an uprooted Scotsman in the New World:

A mellow voice Fitz-Eustace had,
The air he chose was wild and sad;
Such have I heard, in Scottish land,
Rise from the busy harvest band,
When falls before the mountaineer,
On Lowland plains, the ripen'd ear.
Now one shrill voice the notes prolong,
Now a wild chorus swells the song;
Oft have I listen'd, and stood still,
As it came soften'd up the hill,
And deemed it the lament of men
Who languish'd for their native glen;
And thought how sad would be such ground,
Kentucky's wood-encumber'd brake
Or wild Ontario's boundless lake,
Where heart-sick exiles, in the strain,
Recall'd fair Scotland's hills again.

("Marmion," Canto III strophe IX)

Scott's prophecy has proven valid, for Scottish songs and music have indeed been discovered in those places he imagined — in the backwoods and byways of the American continent where the descendants of kinsmen and clansmen have kept alive an ancient heritage.

While the songs were altered under the demands of the New World, many survived to some degree. However, there hasn't been much recognition of them as Scottish in origin. When folk song collector Cecil Sharp came to America and recorded songs in the South beginning in 1917, he published them as *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*. Though we respect his contributions, he did perpetrate some confusion. The Scottish content in both tunes and texts has usually been minimized because of Sharp's neglect. Ballad scholars have not distinguished the Scottish corpus in America.

However, I have found convincing evidence that a substantial number of ballads collected in the United States were of Scottish origin.

After Harvard Professor Francis J. Child explored libraries in Great Britain and compiled his five-volume *English and Scottish Popular Ballads* in the late 19th century, it became the definitive work, the canon on the subject. Any ballad collected in America would be compared to see if it matched the British "Child ballad," and it would be noted with the number Child had assigned it.

Child left convincing evidence of the Scottish origin of many of his ballads. There were ballads collected only in Scotland, never recorded in the oral tradition of England. There were also ballads which had wide currency in Scottish tradition with only limited currency in other parts of Britain. Some ballads had a basis in Scottish history. Others considered to have Scottish roots are those ballads believed to be of English origin but so long in currency in Scotland that they were obviously "naturalized" there before being carried to America.

Using these criteria and other supporting materials, I found 33 ballads collected in America which can be defined as Scottish in origin. They include "Thomas Rymer" (Child 36), "Sir Patrick Spens" (Child 58), "Mary Hamilton" (Child 173) and "The Gypsy Laddie" (Child 200). Since slightly over 100 Child ballads have been collected in America, at least one third of America's traditional British balladry came here directly or indirectly from Scotland.

At least nine or 10 others could be part of the Scottish contribution to American folk song. In these the American versions were closer to those found in Scotland than those collected in England. They include "Lord Randal" (Child 12) and "James Harris" or "The Demon Lover" (Child 243). If these are included, the Scottish content would then rise to 40 to 50 percent of the whole.

Of course, the study of the origins of many ballads remains imperfect. The American ballad singer shares with all other traditional singers a disregard for folk song ancestry. "It was my mother's song," one may tell you, "and she got it from her mother." The singers may say they learned the song from an uncle or a neighbor in the next county or a traveling peddler "who had a lot of songs." Most of the ballads appear to have circulated in the Appalachians too long for the singers to remember the Old World connections. Anyway, it is their notion that the songs are "for singin' and no for readin'," as ballad singer Mrs. Hogg told Sir Walter Scott, and they have kept songs alive by observing this dictum.

One problem with delineation of origin is that in most cases the ballads have suffered many alterations in order to merge with the culturally powerful Anglo-American tradition which surrounded it on all sides.

A case in point is one of the best preserved of the naturalized Scottish ballads in America, "Fair Annie" (Child 62), recorded by Josiah H. Combs in West Virginia in the early part of this century. The story begins with an Indian incident, which is perhaps a frontier addition:

The Indians stole fair Annie
As she walked by the sea,

But Lord Harry for her a ransom paid,
In gold and silver money.
She lived far away with him,
And none knew whence she came;
She lived in a mansion-house with her love,
But never told her name.

Next comes the verse which usually introduces the story in the Scottish versions:

Now make your bed all narrow,
And learn to lie alone:
For I'm going far away, Annie,
To bring my sweet bride home.

The first verse of the Child ballad (version A):

It's narrow, narrow, make your bed,
And learn to lie your lane;
For I'm ga'n oer the sea, Fair Annie,
A braw bride to bring hame.
Wi her I will get gowd and gear;
Wi you I neer got nane.

This "extended" stanza of six lines has its narrative counterpart in a four-line stanza in the American version, which adds, incidentally, an American reference to slavery:

I'm going far over the river
To bring my sweet bride home;
For she brings me land and slaves,
And with you I can get none.

The question about the new bride's reception by the patient companion is altered only slightly in America:

But who will spread the wedding feast,
And pour the red red wine?
And who will welcome my sweet bride,
My bonny bride so fine?

The Child (A) version:

But wha will bake my bridal bread,
Or brew my bridal ale?
And wha will welcome my brisk bride,
That I bring oer the dale?

The reply by Fair Annie is similar in the American and Scottish versions:

O I will spread the wedding feast,
And I will pour the red red wine,
And I will welcome your sweet bride,
Your bonnie bride so fine.

Child (A):

It's I will bake your bridal bread,
And brew your bridal ale,
And I will welcome your brisk bride,
That you bring oer the dale.

The next stanza in the American version follows the Child version closely, even to the retention of identical rhyme words:

For she who welcomes my sweet bride
Must look like a maiden fair,
With lace on her robe so narrow,
And flowers among her hair.

Child (A):

But she that welcomes my brisk bride
Maun gang like maiden fair;
She maun lace on her robe sae jimp,
And braid her yellow hair.

The next American stanza illustrates the Scottish background of the ballad. The rhymes *none* and *again* are legitimate when read in Scots:

How can I look so maiden-like,
When maiden I am *none*?
Have I not had six sons by thee,
And am with child *again*?

Child (A):

But how can I gang maiden-like,
When maiden I am *nane*?
Have I not born seven sons to thee,
And am with child *again*?

The next American stanza reveals the same type of rhyme alteration:

Four months were past and gone,
And the word to fair Annie *came*,
That the boat was back from the river,
With the sweet bonny bride at *home*.
[Scottish: *hame*]

Other stanzas reflect interesting vocabulary substitutions. Here the Scottish *castle wa'* has become a wall more common in early America:

But if my sons were seven rats
Running over the *milk-house* wall,
And if I were a great gray cat,
How I would worry them all!

A faulty rhyme was committed when singers over several generations dropped the Scottish verb *greet* (to weep, cry) for the more usual English noun *grief*:

"I'll slip on my dress," said the new come bride,
"And draw my shoes over my feet;
I will see who so sadly sings,
And what it is that makes her *grief*."

Furthermore, the West Virginia version retains what appears to be a distinctively Scottish mark in the name of Fair Annie's parents, whose identity she finally reveals in most versions at the end of the ballad. The spelling and pronunciation of the surname are altered:

"The Lord of *Salter* was my father,
The Lady of *Salter* was my mother;
Young Susan was my dear sister,
And Lord James was my brother."

The name originally sung here seems to have been that of the Lord of Saltoun, although it is not the name given in any of the Child versions. It is an established title dating to medieval Scotia. But in ballad writings it is best remembered in connection with Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, the Scottish patriot who fought bitterly the union of the English and Scottish Parliaments in 1707 and who said he cared not who made the laws of the land so long as he could make the ballads.

It's a sentiment, it seems, that many immigrants carried to the New World. While the studies confirm the Scottish origin of up to half of all traditional ballads known by scholars in America, statistics can hardly measure the wisdom or aesthetics purveyed by a strong tradition which traveled from Scotland to America. For now, we can only identify in the New World an ancient, ageless and at times heroic contribution of song and story.

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This article is excerpted from ***Ballad Studies,*** *edited by E. B. Lyle, D. S. Brewer Ltd. and Rowan and Littlefield for the Folklore Society, 1976, first published in* ***Reality and Myth: Essays in American Literature in Memory of Richard Croom Beatty,*** *edited by William E. Walker and Robert L. Welker, Vanderbilt University Press, 1964. Used by permission.*

Fantasy Mountain

Continued from page 30

What began in both Western North Carolina and the West Highlands of Scotland as exclusively an upper-class pattern of extravagant leisure consumption became more available to a non-aristocratic but still "better class of people" before the turn of the century and gradually has become accessible by large numbers of middle- and working-class visitors, second-home owners and new permanent residents.

If the process must be given a name, I would suggest the simple phrase, "place-exchange." It is a process in which rural aspirants to a better life flee to the cities and urban refugees flee to the countryside for the same reason. In both cases, persons unhappy with their present sense of place seek new lives and identities.

The extent and consequences for small communities of the place-changing process are not fully known. Nor can we guess how long the process will continue. Most of the changes are far beyond the means of local communities to control. They can respond only in the same ways that people respond to changes in the weather. They accommodate as best they are able.

In these two instances of repopulation, the transformations have been peaceable, but latent divisiveness remains a subliminal threat to community vitality. The process of immigration has been at work for a longer period in Ford than in Shiloh, and yet the division is still there, fueling stereotypes, subtly poisoning personal relationships and making for a good deal of mutually understood — and, so far, amiable — hypocrisy.

The phenomenon of place-exchange will probably continue for as long as there is a general unhappiness with place, a state of being in our world which appears to be quite strong at present. The need for a satisfying sense of place and an identity related to place is not well understood or even recognized, but it is obviously very powerful at times. And where there is a need that can be identified, marketing ingenuity and investment capital are not far behind. My guess would be that we have not seen the end of notices in the Shilohs and Fords of the world which announce, in one way or another, "Place for Sale."

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This article is a follow up to Stephenson's two in-depth studies:
Shiloh: A Mountain Community
University of Kentucky Press, Lexington, 1968.
Ford, A Village in the West Highlands of Scotland: A Case Study of Repopulation and Social Change in a Small Community
University Press of Kentucky, Lexington, 1984.

The original and complete version of this article, "Place for Sale: Repopulation and Change in an Appalachian and a Highland Scottish Community," appeared in ***Perspectives on the American South,*** *Volume 3. Part of this article also appeared in* ***Appalachian Journal,*** *Appalachian State University, Volume 11, Number 3, Spring 1984. Both were copyrighted and are used by permission.*

Stanley Robertson & Ray Hicks

The 2 Jacks

Ray Hicks, an Appalachian highlander, and Stanley Robertson, a Scottish traveler, come from different worlds, but these two master storytellers have much in common. They even tell a goodly number of the same stories, especially Jack tales. Since there has been no cross-pollination of their cultures for many generations I found the many parallels surprising when I interviewed these men.

Stanley Robertson

from Aberdeenshire belongs to the traveling people of Scotland, an ancient race whose origins are still a mystery. In past centuries traveling people, or tinkers, as they used to be called, lived a gypsy-like existence outside mainstream society. Until the early 1900s, tinkers freely traveled in caravans or horse-drawn carts from campsite to campsite. They looked upon themselves as a separate race from non-traveling people. They were poor, eking out an existence by doing odd jobs for cotter families and crofters, begging, hawking their homemade wares or entertaining at the homes of wealthy country lairds. Through the generations they tried to maintain their own customs, superstitions and beliefs.

In recent times travelers have not had an easy time keeping their old ways. After World War II, the government started closing down their campsites and forcing families to move to inner-city council flats (the equivalent of American housing projects). A law requiring children to attend school was an especially bitter pill for the travelers. And travelers say that television has been a major reason for the breakdown of their culture.

Because of travelers' separative, nonconformist lifestyle, they have always been regarded with ridicule and suspicion by the settled community. "I don't want no dirty tink living next to me" was — and still is — a not-uncommon cry. Rather than face such continued adversity, young travelers are beginning to break away from their backgrounds and adopt ways of the non-traveler, of the "scaldie." But there remain travelers like Stanley Robertson and his grown children who still share a sense of group history and kinship and take pride in their roots.

Thanks to the tenacity of these traveler families, there still exists a vast number of wonder tales and legends. They learned traveler tales invented around campfires with other traveler families. They learned many of the international tales from country people. Whereas people in the towns despised the tinkers, isolated country people tolerated and even welcomed them as news-bringers, berry pickers, tinsmiths, fortune-tellers, musicians and storytellers. The arrival of tinkers signalled a chance for the shared entertainment of the swapping of tales and songs. Long after many of the country people lost the telling of tales and singing of ballads, travelers kept these traditions alive.

When Stanley Robertson was growing up, his family still traveled summers by horse and cart between the Deeside and Donside, meeting other traveler families at favorite campsites. The storytellers who most influenced Robertson were his parents, grandfather, Aunt Jeannie (also a famous ballad singer) and Great Auntie Maggie, a daughter of Auld Bill Stewart, considered the master storyteller and teller of Jack tales amongst Robertson's descendants.

Robertson remembers storytelling as holding a prominent place in his family's life. They told stories winter and summer as the circumstances, functions and even the tales themselves changed with the seasons.

In the winters, traveler families were isolated, often without enough money to buy food, much less coal, and storytelling became an escape for the children. Robertson's mother told nursery stories and popular fairy tales from Grimm and Perrault to help the children forget their empty stomachs. She also told Bible stories, religious legends and moral tales. These were a way to counteract the miseries inflicted upon them by cruel scaldie neighbors and classmates. The older children made up stories to entertain the little ones, who would act them out. The children also told the stories they learned summers camping, and this was the way Robertson built up his repertoire and committed tales to memory. On the other hand, Robertson's father, always depressed when he wasn't camping, rarely told stories during the black winter months.

Summertime was different altogether. A campsite far from Aberdeen at the old drove road of Lumphanan was, according to Robertson, "a natural settin, richt for the stories, for the supernatural." Here all the things eerie and otherworldly came alive, and instead of the children (bairns) telling stories, "the summertime was mair a listening time for the bairns."

Robertson recalls how practically every evening families would gather

Barbara McDermitt

around one of the campfires after supper, play musical instruments, sing songs and tell stories. At these times women might be asked to sing, but according to Robertson, men principally did the storytelling. They told of their day's work, bragged about their adventures of queer and ghostly happenings on the road or of their successes in cleverly outwitting non-travelers. And they told spell-binding memorates of relatives who had near escapes from banshees, the devil or the Burkers.

Stanley Robertson

(Burkers were the body snatchers in the late 19th century who sometimes killed beggars and tinkers to sell their bodies to medical centers. Belief in the continued existence of body snatchers persisted until recently.) Mothers told Burker legends to discourage their children from venturing from camp and as a warning never to trust a scaldie.

Only the best storytellers attempted to tell the long wonder tales, mostly about Jack. These tales were a showcase for the narrators. Each one tried to outdo the others with his performing skill.

Though the evening was primarily for entertainment, it was also for the education of the children — especially the stories about Jack. Jack was the special hero of the travelers. Like themselves, Jack was an underdog who faced impossible obstacles and won out by his moral courage, faith, selflessness, self-reliance, wit and shrewdness — all important traits for traveler children to emulate.

One reason for the emphasis on instruction in the stories was that the travelers felt they had to offset the formal schooling inflicted upon their children. Travelers viewed scaldie education as teaching their children to measure success by how much money people earned or by their position in the social scale. These notions ran counter to traveler mores; therefore they used stories — particularly Jack Tales — to teach their beliefs and values.

Robertson explains, "I enjoyed them because you can get something oot of them. And these stayed in yir mind perhaps much better than any of the other tales did. Usually Jack was stupid. But aye, by the end of the tale he was well respected in the community. And ye ken many travelers associated themsels wi Jack, as Jack. An as some o these travelers telt the story, they were the hero. They used tae see themsels as Jack. These Jack tales are very, very real tae ye. Somehow or other they've aaways been preserved among traveler people. I never even kent a traveling family that didnae have a Jack tale."

According to Robertson, not just the Jack tales, but all the different kinds of stories told by travelers help to explain and perpetuate their beliefs, hopes and dreams. They also serve to unite travelers as a group set apart from main-stream society. Consequently, Robertson passed his family tales onto his children as they were growing up, and he looks forward to doing the same for his grandchildren.

Ray Hicks

Ray Hicks

especially remembers the Depression years in the 1930s when he was a boy growing up on Beech Mountain, N. C. Survival was all his family could hope for, and that just barely. Yet, according to Hicks, even in those dismal days people still found time for music and storytelling.

They told stories of ghosts, witches, the devil, Indian legends, Civil War tales, nursery tales, humorous and tall tales and international wonder and trickster tales — many of the same tales brought to the mountains by Scottish immigrants and other pioneers.

The tales that have persisted longest in the mountains and are still told by Hicks and other Highland storytellers are the Jack tales. These international tales have remained surprisingly intact, even though the settings and characters have become decidedly Appalachian in flavor. Jack, for example, is no longer a poor Scottish lad, but the son of mountain folk. The king and queen of the European tales, stripped of their royal costumes and palaces, are rich mountain farmers.

Jack has become someone with whom to identify. Frank Proffitt, Jr., Ray's nephew, says, "Jack in these stories, he was the strongest, and so he survived. He was a kinda hero character. He would always overcome his obstacles, whatever challenges life throwed at him; he never gave in. I think that's what a lot of the pioneers used him for — moral lessons. Or maybe they didn't do it on purpose or thought about it all that much, but it turned out to be that way. Also, I think people tried to release some of their hardship, tried to make life a little bit easier to tell his stories. And it kinda gave them strength to carry on, how Jack could

overcome his hardships. I guess I did kinda identify with Jack. I think Ray kinda identifies with Jack, too. How the hardships Jack went through, and we kindly growed up hard like Jack."

In Hicks' childhood, storytelling was popular all year around. In the summer, especially after a harvesting or a house-raising or a family reunion, friends would gather with the family in the evening and tell stories. Winter was a different matter. In rural areas, bad weather often made social gatherings impossible. Then it would be just the immediate family that would sit before the fire telling tales.

As with the Scottish travelers, entertainment was only one purpose of the stories. Ghost stories, like the Burker stories, were warnings to keep children from wandering too far from home. Indian legends were also similar to the Burker stories in which storytellers could brag about forebears who managed to outwit Indians and escape capture or death by the skin of their teeth. And the Jack tales established a strong, positive hero figure for Appalachian children to follow.

While many people knew and told the shorter stories and legends, the long Jack tales and other international wonder tales were reserved mostly for those storytellers with superior memory and performance skill. Hicks learned all his Jack tales from his Grandfather Ben who was a popular storyteller on the Beech, known especially as a teller of Jack tales. He recognizes that the greatest source of Jack tales was his ancestor, Council Harmon.

Appalachian Jack faces some of the same challenges as his Scottish counterpart, but he is not quite the same fellow. Though both usually start out as underdogs, Appalachian Jack is often a trickster who succeeds by his own cunning and wit. He is tough, intelligent and practical, a survivor by nature. Jack can be helpful and generous to those who are deserving, but cruel to those who treat him badly or act in a stupid, selfish way. He sometimes meets up with giants and other magical adversaries (example: "Jack and the New Ground," where Jack manages to outwit an entire family of giants). He succeeds against his adversaries without magic. But the magical wonder tales also made it across the ocean and were popular on Beech Mountain and elsewhere in the Appalachians.

Jack is no longer a poor Scottish lad, but the son of mountain folk. The king and queen of the European tales, long ago stripped of their royal costumes and palaces, become rich mountain farmers.

Traveler Jack is a kind-hearted lad, generally immature, who needs the advice of magic helpers as he journeys through otherworldly lands to face his ordeals. Traveler Jack is rarely a trickster; however, a few of the trickster tales types have cropped up in traveler repertoires.

Perhaps the kind of life the earlier settlers had to endure helped to fuel the popularity of the tough trickster hero. As with Robertson, Hicks acknowledges the lessons Jack tales teach children: if you want to survive and succeed in a tough world, you can't let other people push you around. Be fair, but be ready to give as good as you get.

In a trickster tale that survives in both Scotland and Appalachia "Unlucky and Lucky Jack," it is Unlucky Jack who was over-trusting and as a result nearly gets himself killed by a cruel king (rich farmer). He is too trusting, Hicks said. It took clever Lucky Jack to give the king the punishment he deserved.

"Everyone's out to hold up fer himself, but not to go fer cheatin. There ain't nobody goin to hold up fer you. That's what hurt me so bad and made me suffer as a kid. I didn't learn to hold up for myself till I was about 40 year old. Lucky Jack wins out by holding out fer himself."

Like Robertson, as Frank Proffit says, Hicks sees himself as Jack. He can remember when times got especially rough during the Depression, and his mother would be in despair because she had no food to feed the children. Hicks would tell her not to worry, then he would go out and find an odd job and bring in some money or food, just like Jack. "That's the way it was when I growed up hard like Jack. When you git like I tell it, I'm Jack. Jack can be in anybody."

But the entertainment value was not lost. Hicks says stories were the reward to children after a day's hard work. This was true when he was a boy and also when his own children were growing up. "Younguns, they was all made to work. Had to be a-doin something that would help out to live. And their playin was nothing back then, only just when they'd tell these tales. (The younguns) would say, 'Oh, gosh, let's work. They're goin ta tell us a Jack tale.'"

To Ray Hicks stories are important, and he is determined to preserve his heritage. He sees traditional storytellers dying off with no one from their own communities to replace them. Like many travelers, Hicks believes the coming of television destroyed the Appalachian storytelling tradition. He is pleased to see the revivalists taking an interest in learning the tales and helping to pass them on. Furthermore, he takes part regularly in the Storytelling Festival in Jonesborough, Tenn., where Jack tales and other stories reach audiences comprised mostly of people not from Appalachia.

In Scotland, Stanley Robertson along with other travelers also feels the urgency of passing on his oral traditions. Besides telling his tales to other travelers, Robertson has started to tell stories to gatherings of non-travelers at festivals, universities, schools, libraries and his church. He uses Jack tales to teach spiritual and moral lessons, much as his mother did when he was a boy. Both he and Hicks want others to feel the magic they have felt from the stories which have been passed onto them.

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Exploring the Roots of Appalachian English

Michael Montgomery

A century ago Calvin S. Brown, a professor at Vanderbilt University, wrote a series of essays noting similarities between the speech of Tennessee mountain people and the writings of Shakespeare, Spenser and Chaucer. Brown wasn't the first to draw such comparisons — or the last. I have lost count of the number of times that I have heard people ask, "Aren't there places in the mountains where they still speak Elizabethan English?"

The notion of the antiquity of Appalachian English has taken many forms. Some writers have linked it to the language of colonial America, others to that of Shakespeare's day or Chaucer's time. Some even reach back to the Anglo-Saxon period of a thousand years ago.

There is some truth in the statement that mountain speech has more old-fashioned usages than most other types of American English. Whether this means that we can describe it as "Shakespearean" is another question entirely. But this Elizabethan idea has served the valuable function of affirming that Appalachian English (and culture as well) has eminently respectable origins. It provides a romantic backdrop to mountain culture attractive to people both outside the mountains and inside.

Recently, the PBS television series *The Story of English* (and in the subsequent best-selling book by Robert McCrum et al.) raised questions about the popular notions of the origins of Appalachian English. Part of one episode, "The Guid Scots Tongue," examined the English of Scotland. The show argued that the language of the lowlands of Scotland and the north of Ireland of two and three centuries ago had evolved into the English used today by North Carolina's more isolated mountain residents. These are the latter-day descendants of hardy "Scotch-Irish" frontier stock.

Is this account closer to reality than the more romantic one that the English emigrants transported 16th and 17th-century Shakespearean speech to North America and then to their descendants who settled in the mountains? What might linguistic research tell us?

Determining whether and to what extent Appalachian speech can be traced to different areas of the British Isles has been part of larger scholarly questions since the late 19th century. Hosts of researchers have prowled the mountains trying to discover how Scottish, Irish and English cultural traits spread.

However, language experts have been slow in tracing the language connections between the mountains and the British Isles in a systematic way. American scholars have not been acquainted with the historical dictionaries of Scottish English or glossaries of Ulster English. It is necessary to go even beyond these sources to hard-to-find linguistic studies and original texts themselves. An extensive literature on Scottish English does exist, though it is largely tucked away in Scottish libraries. For this reason I have spent the past four summers traveling to Belfast, Edinburgh and other locations to track down sources that will uncover the lineage of Appalachian English. These sources have never before been investigated for this purpose by an American linguist.

"Aren't there places in the mountains where they still speak Elizabethan English?"

I found evidence that the Scotch-Irish contribution to Appalachian English significantly outweighs that from Southern Britain and appears much more responsible for the grammatical features distinguishing Appalachian English today. But I also found that hundreds of grammatical features were shared by both of these major immigrant groups that settled in Appalachia.

To analyze grammatical features, I compiled, by using grammatical descriptions, word studies and dictionaries, a set of 40 features that were either distinctive to or predominant in Appalachia (or the larger Midland region as defined by linguistic geographers). Of these, 18 (45 percent) are Scotch-Irish. As the chart on page 38 illustrates, five of these involve verbs, five pronouns, three prepositions, two conjunctions and three adverbs. In comparison only 13 features (or 32.5 percent) are of general British origin, four of the features (10 percent) are Southern British and five (12.5 percent) are of uncertain origin. One or more of the latter may be new developments in American English.

A few of the features I found to have Scotch-Irish origins are common even today in Appalachia including *you'uns* and the even more common Southern expression *you all* or *y'all*. Among the verbs is the construction *used to could.* Another is the use of *need* with a past participle (as in *That boy needs taught a lesson*).

Another common feature having a Scotch-Irish background is *anymore* in a positive sentence: It's a pretty skilled job *anymore.* The use of *and* in absolute phrases is characteristic of Appalachian English with Scotch-Irish origin: They all wore old dresses *and* them loose.

Other grammatical features are also Scotch-Irish. One is the suffix *-s* on a present-tense verb whose subject is a plural noun (people *knows*). (This does not occur, however, when the subject is a personal pronoun — *They know*.) Another is the combination of modal auxiliary verbs such as *might could, might can* and *may would* (as in We *might should* break the bad news to

him). Although there is no record of these in Scottish English until the mid-18th century or in American English until the mid-19th century, multiple modal verbs have been attested in Scotland, Northumbria, Ulster and the Mid-Atlantic and Southeastern regions of the U.S. where there were large infusions of Scotch-Irish emigrants. They are indisputably a Scotch-Irish feature.

After studying grammatical features, I studied the *Dictionary of American Regional English*, Volume 1, covering letters A-C (edited by Frederic G. Cassidy, published in 1985 by Harvard University Press). This volume labels those items which are more or less confined to a geographical area. A total of 673 words are labeled either "Appalachian" (or "Midland.") Of these I found that 36 (5 percent) can be identified as having Scotch-Irish derivation, 16 (2 percent) are from Southern Britain and 52 (8 percent) have been used throughout the British Isles. Extrapolating to the rest of the alphabet, 150 to 200 Appalachian words would have a Scotch-Irish heritage.

The Scotch-Irish contribution to Appalachian English is clearer and more significant in grammar than in vocabulary. But Appalachian English has inherited Scotch-Irish nouns (*backings, backset*), verbs (*back, beal, contrary*), adjectives (*airish, barefooted, biddable*), prepositions (*ahind, beyont*) and adverbs (*appearantly, apurpose*). Obviously much of this vocabulary isn't common in the mountains today, but from studying these words, it appears that the Scotch-Irish influence was greater than the Southern British one. In fact the vast majority — 85 percent — of distinctively Appalachian or Midland words I studied have *no* identifiable British source. Many apparently originated in the U.S. These testify to how creative mountain speech is and suggest that its inventiveness is more significant than its conservativeness.

Overall my study reveals that mountain people have maintained more of the language brought by Ulster emigrants in the 18th century than the English common to Shakespeare's time.

However, I don't want to forget the larger truth that focusing on dialect forms alone might obscure. Most Scotch-Irish terms brought over were similar in meaning and/or in form to terms that settlers from elsewhere in the British Isles brought. Appalachian speech shares a general word-stock of many thousands of terms with other varieties of American English. It is far more similar to them than different, however much it may have maintained Scotch-Irish or Southern British terms.

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*This is a revised version of a paper that appeared in the **Journal of the Appalachian Studies Association**, Volume 3, 1991. The research on which this paper is based was supported in part by travel grants from the National Endowment for the Humanities and the Southern Regional Education Board and by a Research and Productive Scholarship grant from the University of South Carolina. The author would like to thank A.J. Aitken, John Kirk, Caroline Macafee and Philip Robinson for their advice and observations on Scottish and Northern Irish English.*

Appalachian Grammar

Features of Scotch-Irish origin

- Third Person Plural *-s* (including *is*) with Noun Subjects but not with Pronoun Subjects: **People *knows*** vs. They *know*; **People *is*** vs. They *are*.
- Multiple Modal Verbs: We ***might should*** break the bad news to him.
- Perfective *done*: They have ***done*** landed in jail again.
- *used to +would, could*: I can't do it now but I ***used to could***.
- *need* + Past Participle: That boy ***needs taught*** a lesson.
- *y'all/you all*: Can ***y'all/you all*** give me a hand with this load?
- *you'uns/we'uns*, etc.: ***You'uns*** come down with me.
- *You/ye* variation: I told ***ye*** to keep away from there.
- Combinations with *all*: ***you-all, we-all, they-all, who-all, what-all, where-all, you-all's, your-all's***
- *they* (= *there*): ***They's*** about five people in that house.
- *fornent/fernant* (= *next to*): It's over ***fernent*** the wall.
- *till* (= *to*): It's quarter ***till*** five.
- *wait on* (= *wait for*): Would you mind ***waiting on*** me?
- *whenever* (= *at the time that* and *as soon as*): ***Whenever*** I was young, people didn't do that; ***Whenever*** I heard about them, I bought one right away.
- *and* in Absolute Phrases: They all wore old dresses, ***and*** them loose.
- *anymore* in a Positive Sentence: It's a pretty skilled job ***anymore***.
- *all the far* (= *as far as*): That's ***all the far*** I want to go.
- *yan*:(= *there*) Snakes was everywhere going here and ***yan***.

Features of Southern British orgin

- Regular Past *-ed* in *blowed, throwed*, etc.: Who ***blowed*** up the churchhouse?
- *a*-prefixing: All of a sudden that bear come ***a-runnin'*** at me.
- *hisn/hern/theirn/ourn/yourn*: I didn't like that look of ***hern***.
- Syllabic Plural after *-sp, -st, -sk*: ***postes, waspes, deskes***

Features of general British orgin

(features known both in Scotland/Ulster & Southern England)

- *liked to* (= *almost*): I got lost and ***liked to*** never found my way out.
- *hisself/theirselves:* You can meet Mister Jones ***hisself***.
- Ethical Dative: I bought ***me*** a dog.
- *it* (= *there*): ***It's*** many people that think so.
- Deletion of Subject Relative Pronoun: They's about five people / saw him.
- *hit* (= *it*): ***Hit's*** a long time since I tasted it.
- Zero Plural after Quantifier: five ***bushel***, many ***mile*** away
- *anent* (= *opposite, nearby*): He was layin' the road ***anent*** the spring-house.
- *again/against* (= *before*): She'll be back ***again*** 5 o'clock.
- *again/against* (= *by the time that*): I'll be ready ***again*** you are.
- *nor* (= *than*): He's better ***nor*** you.
- *right:* It's ***right*** airish this morning.
- *yonder:* That's my field down ***yonder***.

Appalachian Vocabulary

Words of Ulster/Scottish Ancestry

ahind — *prep., adv.,* behind
airish — *adj.,* chilly, cool
all + *the* + sing. noun (as in *That's all the one I have.*)
a many a — *adj. phr.,* many a, more than one
appearently — *adv.,* apparently
apurpose — *adv.,* on purpose
at all — *adv., (in affirm. constructions),* of all, only (*We had the best time at all.*)
at oneself — *adj. phr.,* at one's best, in possession of one's powers
back — *v.,* to endorse a document, letter
backings — *n.,* weak liquor left after distillation of whiskey
backset — *n.,* setback, check, reverse
backset — *n.,* in phrase 'take a backset'
bad man — *n.,* the devil
bad place — *n.,* hell
barefooted — *adj.,* undiluted
beal — *v.,* suppurate, fester
bealed — *past part., adj.,* abscessed
bealing — *n.,* an abscess/boil
beyont — *prep., adv.,* beyond
biddable — *adj.,* obedient, docile
big — *adj.,* pregnant
blade — *n.,* leaf of corn plant
blue — *adj.,* of milk, blinky, soured
bone idle — *adj.,* incurably lazy
bray — *v.,* to pound up medicine
buck — *v.,* to haze a child
cadgy — *adj.,* lively, aroused
cap — *n.,* green leaves at top of berry
check — *n.,* snack, light meal
clout — *n.,* piece of cloth for diaper
coat — *n.,* dress
come on — *verb phr.,* in 'how do you come on?'
come up — *verb phr.,* call to make animal move
contrary — *v.,* to oppose, vex, anger
creel — *v.,* to twist, wrench, become leaned
creep — *v.,* to move stealthily

(From Volume I of *Dictionary of American Regional English*)

The Woman Aweavin' Clouds

Aye, sat and spun she
The whyte lamb's wul
Until har spindle
Ware twelve tymes ful
The woman aweavin' clouds

Thane took she the threads
Far to make his cloak
Har bonnie lad, broad
And strong as the oak
The woman aweavin' clouds

Ayn his cloak ware as pure
As his sool ware whyte
Ashinin' forth like the sun
Ool so bryte
To the woman aweavin' clouds

Ayn wore it he to King's
Battle, soo brave
Ayn now he be awarin' it
To his crool, dark grave
Creed the woman aweavin' clouds

Boot soon he'll rise
To the clare blue skyes
Far warn't he soo pure
In God's ayn eyes?
Creed the woman aweavin' clouds

That day spent she
Har own lyfe's blud
Aye, spilt it out
Een crimson flud
Ayn now thare aweavin' clouds, thay are
Ayn now thare aweavin' clouds

— Inga Lycan Kimple

Inga Lynn Kimple was inspired to write "The Woman Aweavin' Clouds" after studying ballads. She says, "I like to think it is some kind of 'soul memory' handed down from my Scottish and English ancestors who settled along the Eastern Kentucky/West Virginia borders." She now lives in Lebanon, Ohio.

Reviews

May the Devil Walk Behind Ye! Scottish Traveller Tales

by Duncan Williamson

Trafalgar Square
P.O. Box 257
North Pomfret VT 05053
1990
$13.95 (paperback)
$22.95 (hardcover)

Outwitting the Devil: Jack Tales from Wise County, Virginia

(The New Deal & Folk Culture Series)

edited by Charles Perdue

Ancient City Press
P.O. Box 5401
Santa Fe NM 87502
1987
$19.95 (paperback)
$9.95 (hardcover)

Two recently published collections of folktales feature the Devil, Old Clootie as he is known in Scotland, as the major adversary of Jack, the celebrated hero of many European wonder tales. Though collected in places nearly 3,000 miles apart over a span of 40 years, these two anthologies are strikingly similar while also illustrating the differences between the cultural milieus from which each has grown.

Duncan Williamson is a master storyteller, one of the traveling people of Scotland. Linda Headlee Williamson, who is the American-born wife of Williamson and who has recorded many of his stories, states in a 1981 article in the *Scandinavian Yearbook of Folklore* that the travelers are "'heirs of an ancient Celtic society' where oral literature, songs and stories, played a role of great importance in the environment of people's lives." By his own estimate, Williamson carries in his head a repertoire of more than 3,000 stories. And he is a singer, too.

Now in his mid-60s, Williamson lives on a farm in Fife with his wife and their two teenage children. The move to a permanent residence is fairly recent, however, and Williamson still proclaims himself a traveler. He is a robust man with broad hands and muscular, tanned forearms. His thinning white hair falls across his forehead to accent a ruddy, smiling face. His expressions change constantly as he talks. Cordial to visitors, he proves himself a spellbinder.

Williamson is a master storyteller in print as well. He believes that the most meaningful and enduring knowledge he has acquired has come through stories told him by his parents, grandparents, uncles, aunts and traveler friends. He believes his mission to his own children and to the hundreds of people who come to listen to him now is to pass on this knowledge about "how to survive in the world." He also believes he must retain a story whole, just as it was given to him, and retell it with the image of the teller in his mind in order to be true to that person's teaching. He explained to his wife in *Scandinavian Yearbook,* "It's no just the story, doll; it was something to last you for your entire life ... that their traveller children was goin out in the world and someday they would be gone, and they needed something to remember them by. Not a big monument in a graveyard or nothing, a marble stone or something. They knew they were giving their children something far better. *They were giving their children education*" (Italics are mine).

Appalachian storytellers share this same sense of purpose, for the Wise County, Va., tradition and the Beech Mountain, N.C., tradition emerge from the same source.

The tales in Chuck Perdue's collection were recorded in 1941-42 as part of the Virginia Writers' Project, which in turn was part of the Depression-era Works Progress Administration, a federal recovery program. The writers collected songs, stories, dance and handcrafts.

In Wise County, Richard Chase, the well-known storyteller and author of *The Jack Tales*, seems to have spurred the collection of stories under the auspices of the WPA. Indeed, Chase's role in this saga of mountain tale collecting is a complex and disturbing one, which Perdue addresses in an essay appended to *Outwitting the Devil.* Perdue relates that the main collector in the Wise County effort was James Taylor Adams, a postmaster at Laurel Creek and a writer who was interested in folklore. A co-worker in the project was James M. Hylton. They thought they were collecting materials to become part of an anthology on Wise County folklore which Richard Chase would edit. That project, however, never came to be. Instead, in 1943, Chase's *Jack Tales* came out containing variants of all or part of 11 stories from Wise County, previously slated for the proposed Wise folklore anthology but here mixed with stories collected from the Ward family in Watauga County, N. C. Chase again drew from the Wise County material in two subsequent books, *The Grandfather Tales* in 1948 and *American Folk Tales and Songs* in 1956. But no general collection of Wise County folklore ever emerged from his pen. Now, some 45 years later, Perdue has compiled the original transcriptions from Adams and Hylton's work with 19 tales and nine variants.

About one-third of the informants were members of Adams' family. Another informant was a man from Birchfield Creek by the name of Gaines Kilgore, who was, in Adams' own words, "the most famous storyteller Wise County has ever produced ... His fame was such that, when Richard Chase published his *Jack Tales*, most of which had been recorded from Gaines, everybody around Wise and Big Laurel referred to the work as Gaines Kilgore's book." Kilgore must have been emphatic in his oral renditions; his distinctive storytelling style shines through on the printed page.

Out of a field of 22 informants, Kilgore gave the largest number of stories to Adams and Hylton. The storytellers ranged widely in age from 12 to 80 and were evenly distributed by sex — 11 men and 11 women. Almost all of them indicated the sources of transmission of their stories, which in most cases were family members.

Kilgore was apt to begin his tales with a verification or acknowledgment of his source. For instance, he starts "Willie and the Devil," with "I guess it is so. Pa used to tell hit to us youngins." And he opens "Soldier Jack and the Magic Sack": "One time there was a young man named

Jack. Heard my pa tell this many an' many a time. Sometimes Pa'd call 'im Jack Frost an' sometimes Soldier Jack."

In these stories Jack rises above hardships engendered by natural or supernatural causes to defeat the odds. Jack is an alter ego, if you will, for the tellers and the listeners. Oftentimes it is through his own wiliness and native wit that he manages to win out. Though Jack's roles differ, he is frequently a trickster figure, clever enough to trick even the devil.

In another Appalachian variant, Kilgore told how Jack manages to capture both the devil and death for a time, and only through his generosity are they free today. Kilgore called his story "Soldier Jack and the Magic Sack." (Ray Hicks, the famous storyteller of Beech Mountain, N.C., tells the same story under the title "Whickety Whack, Into My Sack.") Richard Chase printed it in *The Jack Tales* as "Soldier Jack." In all versions, Jack is aided by supernatural helpers who take the form of a magic sack and a magic drinking glass. The implication is that a more powerful supernatural force than the devil or death can be summoned through an appropriate human vehicle. But obviously the force requires a compassionate, fair-minded and clever character like Jack to make it work.

This is also true in Scotland. In the introduction to his collection of 12 stories, Williamson says that the Scottish travelers believe the devil's purpose isn't to "'get you' and punish you and torture you for doing evil things. The Devil is there to *outwit you."* Man does sometimes win, especially if his name is Jack.

Williamson explains, "The saying, 'May the Devil walk behind ye!' means may the Devil never catch up with you, or may you always be one step ahead of him (evil) in the contest of intelligence and knowledge! When you come in contact with the Devil, and he comes to everyone, may you be cleverer than him and outdo the enemy."

In the Scottish tale "Jack and the Devil's Purse," Jack is taken to Hell and left in charge of the imps while the Devil is away on a recruiting mission. As any good babysitter knows, stories will keep imps entertained, so Jack reads story after story from the Bible that his old auntie had tucked in his pocket. Never having read the Bible before, he finds it interesting, as do the imps, for they are quiet and good as long as he continues to read. And so he reads the Bible through a dozen times, a hundred times even. When the Devil returns, the imps have all been converted and pay no attention whatsoever to him. He says, "Jack, you're too bad for Heaven and you're too good for Hell ... You take all these imps and go start a place for yourself. I'll set you free." (This same motif is found in the well-known Scottish and Appalachian ballad of "The Devil and the Farmer's Wife.") Jack jubilantly heads out for home, but on the way, he directs the imps into a beautiful forest: "Go out in the forest and be good and kind and create in your own likeness, and enjoy yourselves. Make a home for yourselves here, you'll never need to go back to Hell again!" And that was the beginning of the goblins and elves and gnomes that populate the Scottish countryside. They have Jack to thank for their peaceful existence today.

Duncan Williamson

In Appalachia we are likely to hear a variant of this story told as "Wicked John and the Devil" but with a less-happy ending. John and the imps are constantly roaming the earth with their lighted torches in hand, looking for a place to settle. We know them as the will-o'-the-wisp.

There are other similarities and differences between the two storytelling traditions. For instance, few heroine tales exist in either culture, but in Duncan Williamson's stories, women play a much more significant role than they do in the Wise County collection. The mother figure appears often, almost always as a harbinger of good, although in one case, old Magog, the mother of the devil, enters. Even though her actions ultimately work against mankind, she too is sympathetic in the mother role because she is attempting to lift the depressed spirits of her son. Another woman, the henwife, is offered as a formidable foe of the devil, for she is the essence of human good and not only withholds herself from the devil's clutches but often saves other fellow humans as well. In contrast, women in the Wise County stories tend to be either evil opponents of innocent Jack, i.e. the wicked stepmother figure, or mere pawns in a struggle between the devil and Jack, i.e. the devil's daughter offered as a prize. Granted, in Kilgore's "Willie and the Devil," the devil's daughter becomes the true opponent of her father as she directs Jack's steps through the various trials the devil prepares for him. Ultimately Jack gets the credit, and she gets the honor of marrying him.

Another difference in the two collections is the degree of character development. The Scottish stories offer fuller pictures of both protagonist and antagonist. The devil in Williamson's stories takes on many human characteristics and is even likable at times. In the Wise County stories he remains a flat character. Contrasting one Scottish storyteller's development of character with several Appalachian storytellers in itself could account for the difference. However, if we credit Williamson's renditions as authentic re-creations of the stories told to him, we must accept this trait of full character development as

common to the traveler storytelling tradition.

The devil stories are alluring, whether set in Argyll, Scotland, or Wise County, Va. We are fascinated by the unfathomable. Mystery beckons — especially when it is a force apt to invade the human heart at any given moment. As Williamson explains, "The point of the Devil stories, I think, is that every person has got an evil bit in him, let it be a child to a grown man, a girl to a grown woman. But it's only at a certain time that that piece of evil will ever show itself ... Because there's no such thing as an evil person through and through. Even the devil is likeable. There's something good in every evil one and there's something evil in every good one. It's the balance between good and evil that makes for life on earth. And this earth wouldna be worth a-living on if it wasna for the Devil!"

— Grace Toney Edwards

Grace Toney Edwards is chair of the English department and Appalachian Studies at Radford University in Virginia. She studied with the ETSU group in Scotland in 1989 and 1991.

A Scottish-Appalachian Connection Murder Mystery

Highland Laddie Gone
by Sharyn McCrumb

Ballantine, New York, 1986
$3.95 (paperback)

Edgar Award-winner Sharyn McCrumb's third mystery novel is set at a fictional highland games in West Virginia. *Appalachian Journal* reviewer Zahora Boyd calls it "a good-humored spoof of the Highland Games at privately owned Grandfather Mountain in North Carolina." Recurring McCrumb character, anthropologist/sleuth Elizabeth MacPherson, figures out the two murders.

Scotland, Ulster and the Appalachian Connection

— *Reviewing the Sources* —

The worldwide resurgence of nationalism, regionalism, separatism and other identity reformulation movements in recent years is forcing scholars in the United States to rethink American history in pluralistic and multicultural terms. David Hackett Fischer's ambitious, provocative and controversial *Albion's Seed: Four British Folkways in America* (Oxford University Press, New York, 1989), asserts that American society and culture have always been complex and heterogenous.

In *Albion's Seed,* Fischer argues that modern America stems from the interplay of four colonial American subcultures with clearly defined roots in four distinctive British regional traditions. These colonial American hearth cultures include the Puritan culture of New England, derived from East Anglia; the Cavalier culture of Tidewater Virginia, which can be traced to Southern and Western England; the Quaker culture, which was transplanted from the Northern Midlands of England to the Delaware Valley of Pennsylvania and the Southern backcountry culture, which has its foundations in the Borderlands of North Britain, particularly the Northern Irish province of Ulster.

The impact of the Ulster migration upon the culture of the Southern frontier has long been of interest to Appalachianists, notably the late Cratis Williams, who had formulated what could be called a "border thesis." Descended from people who had endured centuries of privation and lawlessness in the disputed borderlands of Northern England and Lowland Scotland, the colonizers of Ulster were duly prepared for the American frontier. They brought a culture characterized by a warrior ethic, belligerence towards an indigenous population (wild Indians taking the place of the wild Gaels), alienation from a metropolitan government, a dissenting, nonconformist religion, (indeed, antipathy towards centralized regulation of any sort) and strong family traditions.

Throughout the literature about the connections between Scotland, Ulster and Appalachia, there are variations on the theme of the cultural preadaptation of the border people of Northern Britain to frontier life in the colonial Upland South. The late Cratis Williams, one of the founders of Appalachian Studies, was convinced that the Scotch-Irish had indelibly set their stamp upon the cultural and social life of the region (see Williams' essay "Who Are The Southern Mountaineers?" in *Voices from the Hills: Selected Readings of Southern Appalachia* edited by Robert J. Higgs and Ambrose N. Manning, Frederick Ungar Publishing Co., New York, 1975). He proposes that the "starting point of the social history of the Scotch-Irish is in Scotland, long before the name 'Scotch-Irish' was known."

Rodger Cunningham, in *Apples On The Flood* (University of Tennessee Press, Knoxville, 1987), goes ever farther back into British ethnological prehistory: he boldly theorizes that a continual history of subordination and marginality even older than the Celtic invasion of North Britain effected modern Appalachia with an internalized "border mentality" characterized by uncertain ego boundaries and an impaired sense of individual autonomy. Fischer in *Albion's Seed* also suggests that the border mentality of North Britain has survived essentially intact among the contemporary descendants of the Scotch-Irish settlers of the Southern backcountry.

Historian Kenneth W. Keller sees a wider and more complicated picture. In his essay "What is Distinctive About the Scotch-Irish?" published in *Appalachian Frontiers* edited by Robert D. Mitchell

Reviews

(The University Press of Kentucky, Lexington, 1991), he presents the most comprehensive overview of Ulster-Appalachian history to date. Keller reviews the history of Scotch-Irish settlement in the 18th and early 19th centuries. Approximately a quarter of a million people had migrated from Ulster to America by 1790 when the first U.S. Census was collected. More than three-fourths of these settlers gravitated to the Appalachian frontier, from Western New York State down through the Southern backcountry. Even before Theodore Roosevelt praised the virtues of the Scotch-Irish in *The Winning of The West,* published in 1904, the celebrated American historian Frederick Jackson Turner stated that the Scotch-Irish, along with the Palatine Germans, dominated the social and cultural life of the backcountry settlements (*The Significance of the Frontier in American History,* first given as a paper in 1893, printed by Fredrick Ungar Publishing Co., New York, 1963). According to Keller, our knowledge of the history of the Scotch-Irish in America has been obscured by romanticism surrounding the Appalachian settlement experience, the geographic mobility of the Scotch-Irish themselves, as well as their tendency to intermix with other English-speaking Protestants.

Part of the problem in identifying a distinctive Scotch-Irish community and culture in America stems from the fact that these settlers from Ulster "did not even have a commonly used name to particularize them," Keller wrote. In the 18th century, the most common designation for these people was *Irish*: Keller notes that the terms *Scotch-Irish* and *Scots-Irish* were little used in that era, and that *Ulstermen* was completely unknown. Keller identifies William Henry Foote's *Sketches of North Carolina,* published in 1846, as "the first important historical work to identify these people as Scotch-Irish." As James G. Leyburn notes in *The Scotch-Irish: A Social History* (The University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, 1962), "The term 'Scotch-Irish' is an Americanism, generally unknown in Scotland and Ireland and rarely used by British historians. In American usage, it refers to people of Scottish descent who, having lived for a time in the north of Ireland, migrated in considerable numbers to the American colonies in the eighteenth century."

We must understand, however, that Ulster was inhabited by a mixture of religious and ethnic groups, and not merely native Gaelic-speaking Catholics and English-speaking colonists from Lowland Scotland, the progenitors of the people we call "Ulster Scots." To quote Keller, "Ulster was no stagnant backwater. Although still preindustrial and agricultural, it was a modernizing mixed society, where cultures collided and borrowed from one another."

The culture that the Ulster settlers brought to America was dynamic and open to innovation. It is hard to say which features of the material culture and subsistence techniques of the Southern frontier are carry-overs from Ulster or the result of assimilation and innovation in America. This agrees with geographer James Lemon's assessment in *The Best Poor Man's Country,* (Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore, 1972) that the Scotch-Irish identity was ambiguous: "The distinctiveness of the Scotch-Irish as a cultural group can be questioned." Lemon nonetheless treats the Ulster settlers as a separate subculture because "most writers have believed in the reality of the distinction."

Because many of the Scotch-Irish were perceived as combative and disputatious, colonial governments encouraged them to migrate to the frontiers. There they proceeded to battle hostile Indians, much like their forefathers, who had hunted the wild Irish outlaws or "woodkerns" in the Ulster plantations. Their antipathy towards the aristocratic Tidewater planters and the established Church of England led most Ulster Presbyterians to side with the Revolutionary cause.

The growing of flax and the weaving of linen were dominated by the Scotch-Irish. In many other ways, their agricultural practices were similar to those of their German and English neighbors, contrary to the simplistic assertions of supporters of the "Celtic hypothesis" like Grady McWhiney and Forrest McDonald, (*Cracker Culture: Celtic Ways in the Old South,* University of Alabama Press, University, Ala., 1988) who have inaccurately portrayed the backcountry people as shiftless Celtic herdsmen at odds with more stationary Anglo-Teutonic farmers. A mixed subsistence pattern of agriculture was actually characteristic of the Scotch-Irish, though not unique to them.

Keller believes that these pioneers from Ulster had begun to think of themselves as Americans before the outbreak of the Revolution. Only in the 1880s did their descendents begin to rediscover their Scotch-Irish identity. It was at a time when other British-Americans were retracing their roots, partially in reaction to the industrial boom that was attracting a new wave of immigrants to America, particularly from Southern and Eastern Europe.

Keller states that the Scotch-Irish revival "proved useful to reformers seeking to spread an understanding of Appalachian life to the nation at large. Writers such as Horace Kephart and John D. Campbell wrote sympathetically about the way of life of the independent people of the Appalachians, and they began to speculate about the connection between the Scotch-Irish and these people whom they began to call the "Southern Highlanders." Keller concludes that the discovery of Scotch-Irish identity in the 19th century was only a temporary phase and that in the main the Scotch-Irish in America accepted English hegemony and fused with them to form "the social basis of the emerging American nation."

But was this really the case? What connections can be drawn between the Appalachian cultural revival movement and the revitalization of Scotch-Irish consciousness in modern America? As we approach the hundredth anniversary of Frederick Jackson Turner's *The Significance of The Frontier in American History*, it is inspiring to realize that there are still new frontiers of knowledge to be explored on both sides of the Atlantic.

—Richard Blaustein

Music

Margaret Bennett is a folk singer originally from the Isle of Skye in the Hebrides of Scotland. She learned Gaelic and Scots folk songs from her mother and sings them in a clear soprano voice, either accompanied by her guitar or a cappella. Like her mother, Bennett has won prizes for her singing at the Gaelic Mod, a Scottish Celtic traditional arts competition.

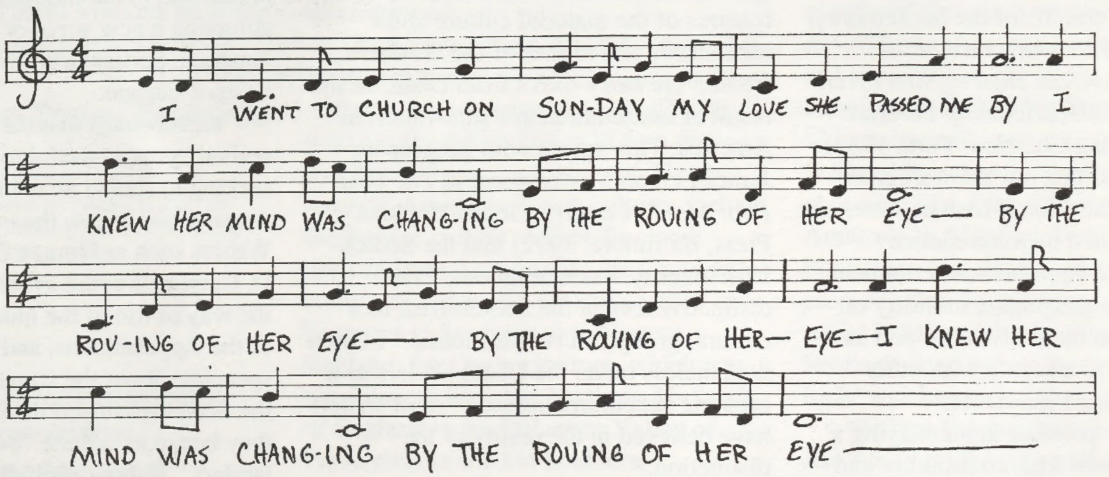
"Loving Hannah" is a song she says is commonly sung in Scotland. Appalachian folk singer Jean Ritchie sings a version of "Loving Hannah" that she says is a cousin to the original. Another relative of "Loving Hannah" is "Handsome Molly," an Appalachian folk song with several of the same stanzas but set to a different melody.

Today Margaret Bennett teaches at the School of Scottish Studies in Edinburgh and has participated in the Scottish-Appalachian Studies Program. She has sung various places in North America, and regionally at at the Augusta Heritage Festival in West Virginia and at the Down Home in Johnson City, Tenn. Her son, Martyn, is a virtuoso performer on the bagpipes.

—Ed Snodderly

Margaret Bennett at the Down Home in Johnson City, Tenn.

Loving Hannah


I WENT TO CHURCH ON SUN-DAY MY LOVE SHE PASSED ME BY I
KNEW HER MIND WAS CHANG-ING BY THE ROVING OF HER EYE— BY THE
ROV-ING OF HER EYE— BY THE ROVING OF HER— EYE—I KNEW HER
MIND WAS CHANG-ING BY THE ROVING OF HER EYE

2) My love she's young and slender
Her waist is neat and small
And she's quite good looking*
And that's the best of all
And that's the best of all
And she's quite good looking
And that's the best of all

3) Oh Hannah, loving Hannah
Come give to me your hand
You say if we both married
That I would be your man
That I would be your man
You say if we both married
That I would be your man

4) I'll go down to yonder river
When everyone's asleep
I'll think of loving Hannah
Then sit down and weep
Then sit down and weep
I'll think of loving Hannah
Then sit down and weep

5) For I went to church last Sunday
My love she passed me by
I knew her mind was changing
By the roving of her eye
By the roving of her eye
I knew her mind was changing
By the roving of her eye

** Bennett sometimes sings "intelligent" instead of "good looking."*

Photo by Hugh Morton

The Highland Fling dance competition at the Grandfather Mountain Highland Games.

Photo by Hugh Morton

Throwing the 22-pound hammer at the Grandfather Mountain Highland Games.

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